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HE COMES UP SMILING

BY CHARLES SHERMAN

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CHAPTER I.

The Beauty Contest.

"You have a phiz on yer," said the Watermelon with rare candor, "that would make a mangy pup unhappy."

"I suppose you think yer Venus," sneered James, a remark that he flattered himself was rather "classy."

The Watermelon sighed as one would over the ignorance of a child. "No," said he, "hardly."

"Don't let that bloomin' modesty of yers keep yer from tellin' the truth," adjured James.

The Watermelon waved the possibility aside with airy grace. "With all due modesty, James," said he, "I can't claim to be a woman."

"Not with that hay on yer mug," agreed Mike, casting a sleepy eye upward from where he lay in lazy content in the long, sweet grasses under the butternut tree.

"When I was a kid, I took a prize in a beauty show," announced James, with pardonable pride.

"Swiped it?" asked the Watermelon.

"Dog show?" inquired Mike drowsily, listening to the pleasing drone of a bee in a nearby clump of daisies.

James sat up and ran his fingers with musing regret through the coarse stubble on cheeks and chin. "I was three, I remember, a cute little cuss. My hair was yellow and ma curled it—you know how—all fuzzy—and I had a little white dress on. It was a county fair. I got the first prize for the best lookin' kid and was mugged for the papers. If I was shaved now and had on some glad rags, I'd be a lady killer, all right, all right."

"'Longside of me," said the Watermelon, "you'd look like a blear-eyed son of a toad."

"You! Why, you'd make a balky horse run, you would,"

"When me hair's cut, I'm a bloomin' Adonis, not Venus;" and the Watermelon drew languidly at an old brown pipe, warm and comfortable in the pleasant shade, where soft breezes wandered fitfully by, laden with the odors of the fields in June.

James was skeptical. "Did y' ever take a prize in a beauty show?" he demanded, still musing upon those bygone honors.

"No," admitted the Watermelon. "My old man was a parson, and parsons' kids never have any chance. Besides, I wouldn't care to. Too much like the finest bull in a county fair, or the best laying hen."

"Huh," sneered James. "My folks was of the bon ton."

"The bontons never broke any records in the beauty line," replied the Watermelon. "And the bon tonnier they are, the uglier."

"Beauty," said James, with charming naivete, "runs in my family."

"It went so fast in the beginnin', then, yer family never had a chance to catch up," returned the Watermelon. "We'll have a beauty show, just us two."

Inspired by the thought, he sat up to explain, and Mike opened his eyes long enough to look each over with slow scornful derision and a mocking grunt.

James fondled the short stiff hair on his cheeks and chin and waited for developments.

The Watermelon went on. "We will meet this afternoon, here, see? Shaved and with decent duds on. And Mike can pick the winner."

"Mike! He can't tell a sick cat from a well one."

"That's all right. He knows enough to tell the best lookin' one between you and me. A blind mug could do that."

"But——"

"We haven't any one else, you mutt. We can't have too much publicity in this show. I dislike publicity anyway, at any time, and especially when I have on clothes, borrowed, as you might say, for the occasion. If the gang was here, we could take a vote, but seein' that they ain't, we got to do with what we got."

"I ain't goin' to get in no trouble wid this here burg," declared Mike. "I want a quiet Sunday, some place where I can throw me feet for a bite of grub and not run no fear of the dog's taking one first. See? Besides, it's a decent, law-abidin' burg. God-fearin' and pious; too small to be made unhappy. You want to take somethin' yer own size."

"Aw, who's goin' to hurt the jerkwater town?" demanded the Watermelon with indignation.

"The cost of livin' is goin' up so these days, it's gettin' hard even to batter a hand-out," groaned Mike, whose idea of true beauty consisted of a full stomach and a shady place to sleep on a long quiet Sunday afternoon. "I ain't goin' to get every place soured on me. If the public gets any more stingy, I'll have to give up de turf for a livin', that's all. To throw a gag will be harder den hod-carryin'."

"We ain't goin' to hurt the burg none," said James.

He rose languidly and stretched. "You be here this afternoon, Mike, about three, see, or I'll knock yer block off. It's a nice quiet hangout and far enough from the village to be safe. I'm goin' to get a shave and borrow some duds from the bloomin' hostelry up yonder to do honor to de occasion." He knocked the ashes from his pipe and slipped it into his pocket. "If you don't get de clothes and de shave, Watermillion, you'll be counted down an' out, see?"

"Sure," agreed the Watermelon.

He lay at full length on the ground beneath the butternut tree and James paused a moment to run his eye critically over him, from his lean face, with two weeks' growth of beard to his ragged, clumsy shoes. James smiled grimly and drew himself up to his full height with just pride. He was six feet two in shoes that might as well have been stockings for all they added to his height. His shoulders were broad and muscular, with the gentle play of great muscles in perfect condition. His neck, though short, was well shaped and sinewy, not the short, thick neck of a prize-fighter or a bull. His hips were narrow and his limbs long and straight. Beneath his open shirt, one saw his bronze throat and huge chest. A splendid specimen of the genus homo, for all the rags and tatters that served as clothes.

The Watermelon was a bit shorter, with narrow shoulders, but long-legged, slim, graceful, and under his satiny skin, his muscles slid and rippled with marvelous symmetry. Where James was strong, slow, heavy, he was quick, lithe, supple. Dissipation had not left its mark, and the hard life of the "road" had so far merely made him fit, an athlete in perfect condition. His features were clean cut and symmetrical, with a narrow, humorous, good natured mouth and eyes soft and gray and gentle, the eyes of a dreamer and an idler.

James looked at the slight, graceful youth, sprawled in the shade of the butternut tree, and grinned, doubling his huge arms with slow, luxurious pleasure in the mere physical action and watching the rhythmic rise and fall of the great muscles.

"You might get honorable mention in one of these county fairs for the best yoke of oxen," admitted the Watermelon from where he lay at ease.

"There ain't goin' to be no show," said Mike, firmly. "Not if yer have ter swipe the duds. I ain't goin'—"

James showed that he was a true member of the bon-ton. He waved the other to silence with the airy grace of a master dismissing an impudent servant. "There is goin' to be a contest for the just reward of beauty and yer goin' to be here, Mike, and be the judge or y' will have that red-headed block of yours knocked into kindlin' wood."

Mike was fat and red-headed and dirty. His soul loathed trouble and longed for quiet with the ardor of an elderly spinster. "No, I ain't," said he, in a vain struggle for peace. "I ain't goin' to hang around here until you blokes swipe the rags and come back wid de cops after yer."

"There ain't no cops around this place, you mutt," contradicted the Watermelon with the delicate courtesy of the road.

"There's a sheriff—"

"Sheriffs," interrupted James, coldly, "ain't never around until the job's done."

"Sunday," added the Watermelon, from knowledge gained by past experience, "is the best time to swipe anything. No one is lookin' for trouble that day and so they don't find it, see?"

"Sure," agreed James. "Every one's feelin' warm and good and stuffed, and when yer feel good yerself, yer won't believe anyone is bad. You know how it is, Mike. When yer feelin' comfortable, yer can't understand why the devil we ain't comfortable."

"Well, why th devil ain't yer?" demanded Mike. "I ain't takin' all the shade or all the earth, tm I? Lie down and be quiet. What do yer want a beauty show for?"

"Aw, stow it!" snapped the Watermelon.

"Yes, I'll stow it all right when we're all sent to the jug. I tell yer I ain't fit to work. The last time I got pinched, I pretty near croaked. I wasn't made to work."

"We ain't going to get pinched," said James. 'You make more talk over two suits of clothes—"

"It ain't the clothes. It's the damn fool notion of swipin' 'em and then comin' right back here, and not makin' no get-away—"

"This hang-out is more than four miles from the burg, you galoot," sneered the Watermelon. "No one would think of coppin' us here. They'll go to the next town, or else watch the railroads—"

"But they might—"

"Might what? Might be bloomin' fools like you."

"Where are you goin' to be shaved?"

"In a barber shop," said James mildly. "You probably favor a lawn mower, but personally I prefer a barber."

"Yes," wailed Mike, "go to a barber shop and let every guy in town get his lamps on yer—"

"You're gettin' old, Mike, me boy, and losin' yer nerve," said James. He stretched and yawned. "Well, I'm off before church time or the barbers will be closed. Remember, Mike, this afternoon, between four and five."

He pulled his clothes into place, adjusted his hat at the most becoming angle and started up the narrow woodland path, whistling gaily through his teeth. As he disappeared among the trees, the far-off sound of church bells stole to them on the quiet of the Sabbath morning.

CHAPTER II.

A Close Shave.

The Watermelon climbed the stone wall and paused a moment to view his surroundings. The road wound up the hill from the village nestling at its foot and dipped again out of sight farther on. On all sides were the hills, falling rocky pasture lands, rising to orchards or woods, and now and then a farmhouse. It was summer glad, mad, riotous summer. The sky was a deep, deep blue with here and there a drifting snow-white cloud. The fields were gay with buttercups and daisies, and wild roses nodded shyly at him from the briers along the roadside. In the leafy recesses of the trees, the birds twitted and sang. A little gray squirrel peered at him from the limb close by and then scampered off with a whisk of its bushy tail. A brook laughed and tumbled under a slender bridge across the road.

The Watermelon was a vagabond in every fiber of his long graceful self. The open places, the sweep of the wind, the call of the birds, the rise and fall of the hills, hiding the fascinating "beyond," found unconscious harmony with his nature. As a captive animal, given a chance for freedom, makes for the nearest timber; as a cat, in a strange neighborhood, makes for the old, familiar attic, so the Watermelon sought the country, the peace and freedom and space where a man can be a man and not a manikin.

He paused a moment now, in perfect contentment with the world and himself, while up the valley, over the hills, through the sun-warmed air, borne on the breath of the new-mown fields came the sound of distant church bells, softly, musically, soothingly.

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Could Save $225,000,000

INTERESTING investigations on the question of co-operative buying and selling are made by a Wisconsin man, John Sinclair, of the Wisconsin legislative reference library. He estimates that a saving of $225,000,000 could be made to the consumers and producers of farm products in this country through co-operative buying and selling.

Mr. Sinclair was sent by the Wisconsin state board of public affairs to England, Denmark and other European countries, while making his investigations, to study co-operative marketing systems and to determine whether they would be applicable to Wisconsin conditions.

In his report he estimates that the farm produce of this country is worth $9,000,000,000. Assuming that half of this represents the cost of marketing under the present system, he estimates that at least 5 per cent of the other half could be saved by the producers by having their own co-operative managers and sales agents. This would mean a net gain to the people of $225,000,000. The experience of co-operators in Ireland and Denmark has demonstrated that it is possible to save several times 5 per cent.

The great aim of co-operation, according to this investigation, is to increase production and to get the product to the consumer as economically as possible. Getting the product into the hands of the consumer is, of course, an intricate process where growers and consumers are as far removed from each other as they are at present. Naturally the large producers cannot attend personally to all the details of transportation and marketing their output or produce, according to the Minneapolis Journal. They can, however, hire competent men at regular salaries to take care properly of some of these phases of production and marketing, it is argued. But they can only afford to do this by co-operation with other producers.

Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture has estimated that but 46 per cent of what the consumer pays for his product gets back to the farmers. If the present charges of distributing and retailing farm products by private concerns were not excessive there would be no need of changing the system. But it is evident that 50 per cent of the selling price is a high rate to pay for putting the product into the consumer's hands.

Soldier's Tramp Through Africa

EMIL Lund, a Rhodesian settler of 36, has just completed a walk from Capetown to Cairo, not in fulfillment of a wager, or without money, or to test a system of diet or training, but simply from love of adventure. He has been a soldier and scout since he was 17, serving in the second Matabele campaign in 1893; the Uganda rebellion of 1897-99 and the South African war.

He started from Capetown and walked, all alone, right through the Cape Province and the Transvaal to Rhodesia. Thence he continued through the Congo State, the Sudan and the Nubian Desert to Egypt, a distnce of nearly 5,000 miles as the crow flies. "My wish," he said in telling the story of his great walk to a correspondent of the London Standard, "was simply to be the first man to accomplish the feat. I am proudest of having walked across the Nubian Desert. That was the hardest tramp of all."

Until he left Elizabethville in the Belgian Congo he had a comparatively easy time, for he could obtain supplies, good food and good water; but beyond that point he had a very trying time. He had no porters, carrying all his own impedimenta, weighing 70 pounds. This alone is no mean task in a tropical and wild country. But he could get no natives to accompany him, owing to tribal hostilities being in progress.

During most of the time Mr. Lund was obliged to be a vegetarian, but he always had meat when he could get it. "Sometimes," he said, "I shot a buck; but I could only eat the liver, which I broiled in the ashes of my fire. Having no salt I cannot say that I enjoyed my food. In passing through the great forests I camped on the ground, lighting a large fire to keep off the wild animals. I had to be very careful to keep this going throughout the night. At early dawn I renewed my march, tramping continuously till about 11 o'clock. After that I used to hunt round, collect wood and cook my one daily meal. Then I slept till sundown. Lions and other carnivora do not usually attack in the heat of the day—they are asleep—and it is only when night falls that they set out in search of prey."

He met with a good many lions, but was never attacked by one. The idea that water will protect one from a lion is, he says, erroneous, for lions are excellent swimmers. In the Katanga district he was bitten by a black mamba snake and would probably have died, but he reached a native kraal and was treated by a woman who applied a decoction of herbs to the wound and cured him. She steadfastly refused to say what herbs she used or how she prepared them.

From Albertville the traveler made for Lake Albert, and here he had one of his most unpleasant experiences. He came across a powerful tribe, under the command of a very suspicious chief, who, before he would listen to him, put him through the "ordeal by dirt." This consists of eating a mouthful of earth picked up from the ground.

In the native mind this constitutes a form of oath, and it is believed that anyone who undergoes the ordeal and does not speak the truth will be condemand to an eternal diet of dirt. The ordeal is called "nkola donga." One of the worst troubles with which Mr. Lund had to contend was the venomous flies and insects which swarm in tropical Africa. He was bitten near the eye by a certain kind of malignant tick, and for a time was nearly blind. If he had not shortly afterward reached Fort Portal and obtained medical treatment he would probably have lost the sight of at least one eye.

A little further in the course of his walk he fell in with the Baluba and Valessi cannibals. When they have a cannibal feast the victim is usually a man accused of some crime. In such a case the man is offered a draught of a poisonous decoction. If he takes a long drink the poison is inoperative, producing merely nausea. But if, from timidity or guilt, he drinks but a small portion, the effect is almost immediately fatal. Women are excluded from these feasts.

Making a wide detour of Lake Albert, Mr. Lund eventually arrived on the Nile, which he followed to Abu Hamed and then struck across the Nubian desert and came to the Nile again at Wady Halfa. There are but two wells on the route across the desert, and he had to carry with him three days food and water supply. But he safely crossed the desert and reached Khartum, where he went into the hospital to patch himself up for the last stage of his journey, which he completed without further mishap.

Equal Suffrage to End All the Wars?

New York, Dec. 26.— The Baroness Bertha von Suttner, who sails Dec. 14 for Europe on the last portion of a journey around the world, is equally enthusiastic on the outlook for woman's suffrage and world peace.

Although she is the daughter of the Austrian field marshal, Count Franz Kinsky, the baroness has devoted most of the working days of her 69 years to the cause of peace. She declares that the movements for world peace and woman suffrage go hand in hand, having the same friends and enemies, and that the triumph of one cause means the triumph of the other.

The baroness was the founder and first president of the Austrian Paeec society. She inspired the founding of the Nobel prizes and was herself the winner of the Nobel peace prize in 1905.

WONDERFUL BRITISH MUSEUM

How It Originated, Why Established and Its Field of Usefulness.

Philadelphia Press.

The British Museum originated in a bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, who, having a large collection of works of art, specimens of natural history, curiosities, books and manuscripts valued at more than £50,000, upon his death, in 1753, offered the collection to the British government upon condition that £20,000 be paid to his family. His offer was accepted, the funds benig raised by a lottery. Montague House, Bloomsbury, was bought and the collection removed to it, some additions were made and the new institution was opened in 1759 under the name of the British Museum.

The present buildings were erected in 1812-1857. The library consists of about 1,800,000 volumes and receives a copy of every book published in the United Kingdom. It increases at the rate of about 46,000 volumes annually. When first opened the number of visitors were limited to 45 a day, but now it is not uncommon for 50,000 persons to pass through the building on a holiday. The Elgin Marbles, the Egyptian antiquities and the Assyrian antiquities collected by Layard are among the most famous curiosities in the museum.

Rebuked by a Queen.

Lady Dorothy Nevill, in her lately published volume of reminiscences, relates how Queen Victoria once rebuked a mistress of the robes. A day and hour had been appointed for a public ceremony in which the queen was to take part. The hour had arrived and of all the court the duchess alone was absent. At last, just as the queen was about to enter her carriage without her first lady of honor, the duchess in breathless haste made her appearance, stammering out faint words of excuse.

"My dear duchess," said the queen smiling, "I think you must have a bad watch," and she unloosed from her neck the chain of a magnificent watch which she herself wore and passed it round the neck of the offender.

Germany as an Exporter.

Germany is second in exports of iron and steel, with a total of $33,000,000, in addition to which exports of agricultural machinery aggregate $9,000,000.

Women School Doctors.

Women school physicians have recently been appointed in four German cities: Munich, Nuremberg, Colmar and Hochst.

Crowds Stare at Gould Fiance

Miss Helen Gould and her fiance, Finley J. Shepard, snapped while on their way to church in New York, Sunday.

New York, Dec. 26.—No task in all his 16 strenuous years of railroad experience has been half so irksome, says Finley J. Shepard, who is to marry Helen M. Gould early in January, as maintaining an outward semblance of calm while the major portion of New York's population is staring at him.

Mr. Shepard has entered upon his transferred duties as assistant to the president of the Missouri Pacific, Iron Mountain and Denver & Rio Grande Railroads.

"Just say that I am as busy as usual and scratching my head in perplexity," he said. "I am not at liberty to make public any of our plans. As a matter of fact, they are not yet completed. We shall be married soon. A good trip to some good place will follow."

It is said the wedding will take place within a fortnight. Nothing definite could be learned at Miss Gould's residence.

When Shepard and Miss Gould walked a block to church together Sunday they had to face several camera men on the way and were conscious of the fact that they were objects of interest to everyone who saw them, but they bore the ordeal very well. Miss Gould appeared more flustered than her fiance.

Foreign Population Of New York City

NEW YORK is the second largest Italian city in the world. As a Russian town it is third in population and as a Hungarian settlemet it is more than half the size of Budapest, the capital of Hungary, and next to Vienna the largest city in Austria-Hungary. Our Italian population is 532,064. Ten years ago there were only 229,349 Italians in New York. In other words, our increased Italian population is more than the entire population of Genoa. It is larger by 50,000 than that of either Rome or Milan. It is only surpassed by Naples, and then by not a great number. The number of Jewish people living in the Greater City is placed at 1,265,000. In comparison this population is about half the size of St. Petersburg and outnumbers by 300,000 the residents of Odessa, the biggest city in southern Russia. New York's Austro-Hungarian population is 398,079, an increase of more than 234,000 in 10 years. This increase would make another city of the size of Prague.

The great influx of immigrants to this port in the last 10 years is taken as an indication of the city's prosperity, for had not New York been an attractive place for employment these millions of foreigners would never have come to our shores. As poof take the days of the panic when business began to fall off in volume. After it was discovered that the lull in employment was to last for some time there was a great rush among the foreign population to get back to their native lands. Every ship sailing for Mediterranean ports in the early part of 1908 carried many steerage passengers, laborers running away from dull times. However, the tide has been the other way for some time.

There is no better indication of the prosperity of a city or a country according to economists, than the movement of immigration. The immigrant only follows roaring trade.

The Corded Poodle.

Country Life in America.

A peculiarity of the poodle's coat is that unless it is kept constantly brushed out it twists up into little cords, which increase in length as the new hair grows and clings about it. The unshed old hair and the new growth entwined together thus become distinct, rope-like cords, which unless cut off will in time drag on the ground and interfere with the dogs' freedom of movement. A few owners, who admire these long cords, keep them tied up in bundles on the dog's back, but this is about as unsightly an arrangement as can well be conceived.

Artificial Spider's Web.

The largest spider web in the world was spun not by a spider but by human hands. It stands on the lawn of a Chicago man's country home, and is of such tremendous size as to startle the passersby when he first sees it. The creator of this interesting oddity conceived the idea of attempting to see how closely an actual spider's web could be reproduced with rope. Selecting two immense trees on the lawn of his home, he spun between them this spider's web, 40 x 60 feet, which is so strong that a boy or man may easily climb to the center or top of it.

Sugar Consumption of U. S.

THE sugar consumption of the United States in the year which ends with this month will exceed 8,000,000,000 pounds, against 4,500,000,000 in 1900, 3,000,000,000 in 1890, 2,000,000,000 in 1880, and a little over 1,000,000,000 in 1870. Foreign countries, our own islands, and our own fields have respectively increased their contributions to the sugar supply of the United States. The total imports from foreign countries during the year will, according to the latest figures of the Statistical Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, aggregate 4,500,000,000 pounds, against a little over 4,000,000,000 pounds last year. The receipts from Hawaii will approximate 1,200,000,000 pounds, against 1,136,000,000 last year; those from Porto Rico, about 700,000,000 pounds, against 654,000,000 last year. The product of the beet sugar field of the United States will approximate 1,400,000,000 pounds, against 1,200,000,000 pounds last year, while the cane sugar fields will probably show but little increase or perhaps a smaller total than last year by reason of the conditions resulting from the overflows in the Mississippi valley.

One of the most striking features of the detail's of the year's sugar record is the large growth in our production of beet sugar, which is estimated for the current year at about 1,400,000,000 pounds, against 1,200,000,000 last year, about 1,000,000,000 in 1910, less than 485,000,000 in 1905, 163,000,000 in 1900, 45,000,000 in 1895, and 5,000,000 in 1890.

About one-fourth of the sugar consumed in the United States in the current year was from our own fields, nearly another one-fourth came from Hawaii and Porto Rico, and the remainder from foreign countries, chiefly Cuba.

The cost to the purchaser of the more than 8,000,000,000 pounds of sugar consumed in the United States in 1912 will approximate $400,000,000. The value in the country whence imported was: That from foreign countries, about $120,000,000; that from Hawaii, approximately $47,000,000; and that from Porto Rico, approximately $30,000,000, making a total in the country of production of about $200,000,000 for that produced outside of continental United States, and to this must be added the duties paid, and the cost of refining and distribution. This in conjunction with the value of the beet and cane sugar produced in the United States easily brings the cost to the consumer to approximately $400,000,000, or an average of more than $1,000,000 a day.

A little more than one-half of the sugar consumed in the country is used for household purposes, the remainder by the manufacturing establishments, chiefly, however, in the preparation of articles utilized for food and drink.

Short Ends of News

Lulu M. Pierce, in jail at Minneapolis on a charge of bigamy, received Christmas gifts from both of her "husbands."

While dressing to play Santa Claus for a neighbor's children, Mrs. Gus A. Nutman, 38, of Louisville, was burned to death. The cotton batting in her costume caught fire.

From Odessa come reports of an alarming epidemic of cholera in Mecca, Arabia, where 10,000 pilgrims are now gathered. Covering a period of four days, 1,714 deaths were reported.

Isaac E. Huffman of Oxford and L. R. Andrews of Ironton, convicted of bribery while members of the last general assembly of Ohio, have begun serving their sentences in the penitentiary for three years and nine months, respectively.

By remaining in bed all day Christmas President-elect Wilson met and conquered a strong attack of grip, which he had mistaken for a mere cold. He was well enough, however, to make the trip to his birthplace Staunton, Va., later in the week.

Charlie Conroy, 8 years of age, of East Orange, N. J., addressed a letter to "Santa Claus, State- House, Trenton." In the letter he told of the number of things he wanted for Christmas. Governor Wilson was so impressed that he had one of his stenographers send the lad all the things he had asked for.

Thomas Nelson Page, the novelist, is said to be slated for ambassador to England, to succeed the late Whitelaw Reid. Rumor says Mr. Wilson will appoint him directly after his inauguration. Mr. Page was born in Virginia in 1853. He is the author of a number of southern stories. He owns a beautiful home in Washington.

The four members of the family of Edward H. Miller were killed near Champaign, Ill., by the Illinois Central Panama limited while returning from a Christmas celebration. The dead are Edward H. Miller, 34; Mrs. Maud Miller, 32; Ruth Miller, 8, Wayne Miller, 4. Opal Scott, the 11-year-old child of a neighbor, was fatally hurt.

In face of a warning not to enter a saloon, A. H. Gray, of Pawce, La., stepped upon the steel doorsill and was instantly killed. A heavily charged electric wire had fallen upon the building in which the saloon was located, charging the metal coping and steel front which connected with the door plate. Repair men had admonished Gray not to enter.

Admiral George Dewey, hero of the battle of Manilla Bay, celebrated the 75th anniversary of his birth last Thursday. The veteran sea fighter said he never felt better in his life. He attributes his splendid physical condition to constant riding and to the further fact that he keeps away from midnight banquets. He abandoned attending banquets long ago.

For 20 hours a shepherd dog, which had been the sole companion of Albert German, a hermit miner, stood guard over his dead body until help arrived. The body was found in a lonely gulch between the town of Gillet, Col., and the dead man's shack. The body was standing almost erect in a deep snow drift, frozen stiff in a temperature of 10 below zero.

A romance has resulted from the suffragists' walk from New York to Albany. The day following Christmas the engagement was announced of Miss Gladys Coursen, one of General Jones' army, to Griffith Bonner, a Poughkeepsie newspaper man, and a grandson of the late Robert Bonner. The young people first met when the suffragists left Poughkeepsie.

While President Taft was attending a lance given in his honor at the National theatre in Panama, an explosion took place in the park opposite the hotel at which he had been stopping. The cause of the explosion is believed to have been jealousy and revenge between two Spanish rivals in business, and was in no way connected with Mr. Taft's presence in the city.

Miss Ellen Horgan, a New York department store employe, 104 years old, who was dusting counters at the store mornings up to a few days ago, died from bronchitis in her lonely little flat on Christmas day. Her friends in the big store had planned to make her Christmas a merry one by visiting her, but their plans were halted by news of her death. In a few weeks more, she had said, she would be 105 years old.

While 60 passengers on the fruit steamer Turrialba, stranded off Atlantic City, N. J., were transferred safely Christmas day to the revenue cutter Seneca and taken to New York, the crew of the British steamer Aldine, probably six men, are believed to have been drowned off the Miquelon Islands, near Newfoundland. The wreck of their vessel was found after the big storm which swept the North Atlantic states.

The Southern Pacific Co., it is reported, has acquired the last right of way for a low grade line over the Tehachapi mountains between Mojave and Kern City. The line, which will be begun immediately, calls for an expenditure of $10,000,000. The United States supreme court's recent decision dissolving the merger of the Southern and Union Pacific roads is said to be indirectly responsible for the building of the new line.

Near Iles Junction, in Illinois, a bandit band held up and attempted to rob the Chicago & Alton "hummer," which runs between Chicago and St. Louis. The robbers climbed over the tender of the engine and covered the engineer and fireman with revolvers, forcing them to uncouple the baggage car and engine from the train and run a short distance ahead, where five unsuccessful attempts were made to blow the express safe with nitroglycerin and dynamite.

Examination of the body of Mrs. Sarah Johnson, who, with her sister, Miss Mary Scott, died in St. Louis of pneumonia, apparently in direst want, revealed that a bag around her waist contained $5,604 in cash and three gold watches. In Miss Scott's effects were found deeds and papers showing bank deposits. In the delirium preceding death, Mrs. Johnson spoke of a daughter living in New Mexico and of a sister in Pueblo, Col. The elder woman was about 50 years old and Miss Scott had remarked that she was more than 40.

The THIRD DEGREE

by

CHARLES KLEIN & ARTHUR HORNBLOW

AUTHORS OF "THE LION AND THE MOUSE"

CHAPTER XIII.

In the very heart of Manhattan, right in the center of the city's most congested district, an imposing edifice of gray stone, medieval in its style of architecture, towered high above all the surrounding dingy offices and squalid tenements. Its massive construction, steep walls, pointer turrest, raised parapets and long, narrow, slit-like windows, heavily barred, gave it the aspect of a feudal fortress incongruously set down plump in the midst of twentieth century New York. The dull roar of Broadway hummed a couple of blocks away; in the distance loomed the lofty, graceful spans of Brooklyn bridge, jammed with its opposing streams of busy interurban traffic. The adjacent streets were filled with the din of hurrying crowds, the rattle of vehicles, the cries of vendors, the clang of street cars, the ugh! ugh! of speeding automobiles. The active, pulsating life of the metropolis surged like a rising flood about the tall gray walls, yet there was no response within. Grim, silent, sinister, the city prison, popularly known as "the Tombs," seemed to have nothing in common with the daily activities of the big town in which, notwithstanding, it unhappily played an important part.

The present prison is a vastly different place to the old jail from which it got its melancholy cognomen. Today there is not the slightest justification for the lugubious epithet applied to it, but in the old days, when man's inhumanity to man was less a form of speech than cold, merciless fact, the "Tombs" described an intolerable and disgraceful condition fairly accurately. Formerly the cells in which the unfortunate prisoners were confined while awaiting trial were situated deep under ground and had neither light nor ventilation. A man might be guiltless of the offense with which he was charged, yet while awaiting an opportunity to prove his innocence he was sondemnned to spend days, sometimes months, in what was little better than a grave. Literally, he was buried alive. A party of foreigners visiting the prison one day were startled at seeing human beings confined in such holes. "They look like tombs!" cried some one. New York was amazed at the singularly appropriate appellative and it has stuck to the prison ever since.

But times change and institutions with them. As man becomes more civilized he treats the lawbreaker with more humanity. Probably society will always need its prisoners, but as we become more enlightened we insist on treating our criminals more from the physiological and psychological standpoints than in the cruel, brutal, barbarous manner of the dark ages. In other words the sociologist insists that the lawbreaker has greater need of the physician than he has of the jailer.

Today the city prison is a tomb in name only. It is admirably constructed, commodious, well ventilated. The cells are large and well lighted with comfortable cots and all the modern sanitary arrangements. There are roomy corridors for daily exercise and luxurious shower baths can be obtained free for the asking. There are chapels for the religiously inclined and a library for the studious. The food is wholesome and well prepared in a large, scrupulously clean kitchen situated on the top floor. Carping critics have, indeed, declared the Tombs to be too luxurious, declaring that habitual criminals enjoy a stay in the prison and actually commit crime so that they may enjoy some of its hotel-like comforts.

It was with a sinking heart and a dull, gnawing sense of apprehension that Annie descended from a southbound Madison avenue car in Center street and approached the small portal under the forbidding gray walls. She had visited a prison once before, when her father died. She remembered the depressing ride in the train to Sing Sing, the formidable steel doors and ponderous bolts, the narrow cells, each with its involuntary occupant in degrading stripes and closely cropped hair, and the uniformed guards armed with rifles. She remembered how her mother wept and how she had wondered why they kept her poor da-da in such an ugly place. To think that after all these years she was again to go through a similar experience.

She had nerved herself for the ordeal. Anxious as she was to see Howard and learn from his lips all that had happened, she feared that she woud never be able to see him behind the bars without breaking down. Yet she must be strong so she could work to set him free. So much had happened in the last two days. It seemed a month since the police had sent for her at midnight to hurry down to the Astruria, yet it was only two days ago. The morning following her trying interview with Capt. Clinton in the dead man's apartment she had tried to see Howard, but without success. The police held him a close prisoner, pretending that he might make an attempt upon his life. There was nothing for her to do but wait.

Intuitively she realized the necessity of immediately securing the services of an able lawyer. There was no doubt of Howard's innocence, but she recalled with a shiver that even innocent persons have suffered capital punishment because they were unable to establish their innocence, so overwhelming were the appearances against them. He must have the best lawyer to be had, regardless of expense. Only one name occurred to her, the name of a man of international reputation, the mere mention of whose name in a courtroom filled the hearts of the innocent with hope and the guilty with dread. That man was Judge Brewster. She hurried downtown to his office and waited in hour before he could see her. Then he told her, politely but coldly, that he must decline to take her case. He knew well who she was and he eyed her with some curiosity, but his man

ner was frigid and discouraging. There were plenty of lawyers in New York, he said. She must go elsewhere. Politely he bowed her out. Half of a precious day was already lost. Judge Brewster refused the case. To whom could she turn now? In despair, almost desperate, she drove uptown to Riverside drive and forced an entrance into the Jeffries home. Here, again, she was met with a rebuff. Still not discouraged, she returned to Judge Brewster's office. He was out and she sat there an hour waiting to see him. Night came and he did not return. Almost prostrated with nervous exhaustion, she returned to their deserted little flat in Harlem.

It was going to be a hard fight, she saw that. But she would keep right on, no matter at what cost. Howard could not be left alone to perish without a hand to save him. Judge Brewster must come to his rescue. He could not refuse. She would return again to his office this afternoon and sit there all day long, if necessary, until he promised to take the case. He alone could save him. She would go to the lawyer and beg him on her knees, if necessary, but first she must see Howard and bid him take courage.

A low doorway from Center street gave access to the gray fortress. t the heavy steel gate stood a portly policeman armed with a big key. Each time before letting people in or out he inserted this key in a ponderous lock. The gate would not open merely by turning the handle. This was to prevent the escape of prisoners, who might possibly succeed in reaching so far as the door, but could not open the steel gate without the big key. When once any one entered the prison he was not permitted to go out again except on a signal from a keeper.

When Annie entered she found the reception room filled with visitors, men and women of all ages and nationalities, who, like herself, had come to see some relative or friend in trouble. It was a motley and interesting crowd. There were fruit peddlers, sweat shop workers, sporty looking men, negroes and flashy looking women. All seemed callous and indifferent, as if quite at home amid the sinister surroundings of a prison. One or two others appeared to belong to a more respectable class, their sober manner and careworn faces reflecting silently the humiliation and shame they felt at their kinsman's disgrace.

The small barred windows did not permit of much ventilation and, as the day was warm, the odor was sickening. Annie looked around fearfully and humbly took her place at the end of the long line which slowly worked its way to the narrow inner grating, where credentials were closely scrutinized. The horror of the place seized upon her. She wondered who all these poor people were and what the prisoners whom they came to see had done to offend the majesty of the law. The prison was filled with policemen and keepers and running in and out with messages and packages were a number of men in neat linen suits. She asked a woman who they were.

"Them's trusties—prisoners that has special priviliges in return for work they does about the prison."

The credentials were passed upon slowly and Annie, being the twentieth in line, found it a tedious wait. In front of her was a bestial looking negro, behind her a woman whose cheap jewelry, rouged face and extravagant dress proclaimed her profession to be the most ancient in the world. But at last the gate was reached. As the doorkeeper examined her ticket he looked up at her with curiosity. A murderer is rare enough even in the Tombs, to excite interest, and as she passed on the attendants whispered among themselves. She knew they were talking about her, but she steeled herself not to care. It was only a foretaste of other humiliations which she must expect.

A keeper now took charge of her and led her to a room where she was searched by a matron for concealed weapons, a humiliating ordeal, to which even the richest and most influential visitors must submit with as good grace as possible. The matron was a hard looking woman of about 50 years, in whom every spark of human pity and sympathy had been killed during her many years of constant association with criminals. The word "prison" had lost its meaning to her. She saw nothing undesirable in jail life, but looked upon the Tombs rather as a kind of boarding house in which people made short or long sojourns, according to their luck. She treated Annie unceremoniously, yet not unkindly.

"So you're the wife of Jeffries, whom they've got for murder, eh?" she said, as she rapidly ran her hands through the visitor's clothing.

"Yes," faltered Annie, "but it's all a mistake. I assure you. My husband's perfectly innocent. He wouldn't hurt a fly."

The woman grinned.

"They all say that, m'm." Lugubriously she added. "I hope you'll be more lucky lucky than some others were."

Annie felt herself grow cold. Was this a sinister prophecy? She shuddered and, hastily taking a dollar from her purse, slipped it into the matron's hand.

"May I go now?" she said.

"Yes, my dear; I guess you've got nothing dangerous on you. We have to be very careful. I remember once when we had that Hoboken murderer here. He's the feller that cut his wife's head off and stuffed the body in a barrel. His mother came here to see him one day and what did I find inside her stocking but an innocent looking little round pill, and if you please, it was nothing less than prussic acid. He would have swallowed it and the electric chair would have been cheated. So you see how careful we has to be."

Annie could not listen to any more. The horror of having Howard classed with fiends of that description sickened her. To the keeper she said quickly:

"Please take me to my husband:

Taking another dollar from her purse she slipped the bill into the man's hand, feeling that, here as everywhere else, one must pay for privileges and coutesies. Her guide led the way and ushered her into an elevator, which at a signal, started slowly upwards.

The cells in the Tombs are arranged in rows in the form of an ellipse in the center of each of the six floors. There is room to accommodate 900 prisoners of both sexes. The men are confined in the new prison; the women, fewer in number, in what remains of the old building. Only in the center of each floor being taken up with the rows of narrow cells there remains a broad corridor, running all the way round and flanked on the right by high walls and small barred windows. An observer from the street glancing up at the windows might conclude that they were those of the cells in which prisoners were confined. As a matter of fact, the cells have no windows, only a grating which looks directly out into the corridor.

At the fourth floor the elevator stopped and the heavy iron door swung back.

"This way," said the keeper, stepthe door were half a dozen broad slits the corridor. "He's in cell No. 456."

A lump rose in Annie's throat. The place was well ventilated, yet she thought she would faint from a choking feeling of restraint. All along the corridor to the left were iron doors painted yellow. In the upper part of the door were half a dozen broad slits through which one could see what was going on inside.

"Those are the cells," volunteered her guide.

Annie shuddered as, mentally, she pictured Howard locked up in such a dreadful place. She peered through one of the slits and saw a narrow cell about ten feet long by six wide. The only furnishings were a folding cot with blanket, a wash bowl and lavatory. Each cell had its occupant, men and youths of all ages. Some were reading, some playing cards. Some were lying asleep on their cots, perhaps dreaming of home, but most of them leaning dejectedly against the iron bars wondering when they would regain their liberty.

"Where are the women?" asked Annie, trying to keep down the lump that rose chokingly in her throat.

"They're in a separate part of the prison," replied the keeper.

"Isn't it dreadful?" she murmured.

"Not at all," he exclaimed cheerfully. "These prisoners fare better in prison than they do outside. I wager some of them are sorry to leave."

"But it's dreadful to be cooped up in those little cells, isn't it?" she said.

"Not as bad as it looks," he laughed. "They are allowed to come out in the corridor to exercise twice a day for an hour, and there is a splendid shower bath they can take."

"Where is my husband's cell?" she whispered, almost dreading to hear the reply.

"There it is," he said, pointing to a door. "No. 456."

Walking rapidly ahead of her and stopping at one of the cell doors, he rapped loudly on the iron grating and cried:

"Jeffries, here's a lady come to see you. Wake up there!"

A white, drawn face approached the grating. Annie sprang forward.

"Howard!" she sobbed.

"Is it you, Annie?" came a weak voice through the bars.

"Can't I go in to him?" she asked pleadingly.

The keeper shook his head.

"No, m'm, you must talk through the bars, but I won't disturb you."

He walked away and the husband and wife were left facing each other. The tears were streaming down Annie's cheeks. It was dreadful to be standing there so close and yet not be able to throw her arms around him. her heart ached as she saw the distress in his wan, pale face.

"Why didn't you come before?" he asked.

"I could not. They wouldn't let me. Oh, Howard," she gasped. "What a dreadful thing this is! Tell me how you got into such a scrape!"

He put his hand to his head as if it hurt him, and she noticed that his eyes looked queer. For a moment the agony of a terrible suspicion crossed her mind. Was it possible that in a moment of drunken recklessness he had shot Underwood? Quickly, almost breathlessly, she whispered to him:

"Tell me quickly, 'tis not true, is it? You did not kill Robert Underwood."

He shook his head.

"No," he said.

"Thank God for that!" she exclaimed. "But your confession—what does that mean?"

"I do not know. They told me I did it. They insisted I did it. He was sure I did it. He told me he knew I did it. He showed me the pistol. He was so insistent that I thought he was right—that I had done it." In a deep whisper he added earnestly: "But you know I didn't, don't you?"

"Who is he?" demanded Annie.

"The police captain.'

"Oh, Capt. Clinton told you you did it?"

"Yes, he told me he knew I did it. He kept me standing there six hours, questioning and questioning until I was ready to drop. I tried to sit down; he made me stand up. I did not know what I was saying or doing. He told me I killed Robert Underwood. He showed me the pistol under the strong light. The reflection from the polished nickel flashed into my eyes, everything suddenly became a blank. A few moments later the coroner came in and Capt. Clinton told him I confessed. But it isn't true, Annie. You know I am innocent of that murder as you are."

"Thank God, thank God!" exclaimed Annie. "I see it all now."

Her tears were dried. Her brain was ready saw a possible line of defense.

ready saw a possible line of defense.

"I don't know how it all happened," went on Howard. "I don't know any more about it than you do. I left you to go to Underwood's apartment. On the way I foolishly took a drink. When I got there I took more whisky. Before I knew it I was drunk. While talking I fell asleep. Suddenly I heard a woman's voice."

"Ah!" interrupted Annie. "You, too, heard a woman's voice. Capt. Clinton said there was a woman in it." Thoughtfully, as if to herself, she added; "We must find that woman."

"When I woke up," continued Howard, "it was dark. Groping around for the electric light, I stumbled over something. It was Underwood's dead body. How he came by his death I have not the slightest idea. I at once realied the dangerous position I was in and tried to leave the apartment unobserved. Just as I was going, Underwood's man servant arrived and he handed me over to the police. That's the whole story. I've been here since yesterday and I'll be devilish glad to get out."

"You will get out," she cried. "I'm doing everything possible to get you free. I've been trying to get the best lawyer in the country—Richard Brewster."

"Richard Brewster!" exclaimed Howard. "He's my father's lawyer."

"I saw your father yesterday afternoon," she said quietly.

"You did!" he exclaimed, surprised. "Was he willing to receive you?"

"He had to," she replied. "I gave him a piece of my mind."

Howard looked at her in mingled amaement and admiration. That she should have dared to confront a man as proud and obstinate as his father astounded him.

"What did he say?" he asked eagerly.

"I asked his to come publicly to your support and to give you legal assistance. He refused, saying he could not be placed in a position of condoning such a crime and that your behavior and your marriage had made him wash his hands of you forever."

Tears filled Howard's eyes and his mouth quivered.

"Then my father believes me guilty of this horrible crime?" he exclaimed.

"He insisted that you must be guilty, as you had confessed. He offered, though, to give you legal assistance, but only on one condition."

"What was that condition?" he demanded.

"That I consent to a divorce," replied Annie quietly.

"What did you say?"

"I said I'd consent to anything if it would help you, but when he told me that even then he would not come personally to your support I told him we would worry along without his assistance. On that I left him."

"You're a brave little woman!" cried Howard. Noticing her pale, anxious face, he said:

"You, too, must have suffered."

"Oh, never mind me," she rejoined quickly. "What we must do now is to get you out of this horrid place and clear your name before the world. We must show that your alleged confession is untrue; that it was dragged ffrom you involuntarily. We must find that mysterious woman who came to Underwood's rooms while you lay on the couch asleep. Do you know what my theory is, Howard?"

"What?" demanded her husband.

"I believe you were hypnotized into making that confession. I've read of such things before. You know the boys in college often hypnotized you You told me they made you do all kinds of things against your will. That big brute, Capt. Clinton, simply forced his will on yours."

"By Jove—I never thought of that!" he exclaimed. "I know my head ached terribly after he got through all that questioning. When he made me look at that pistol I couldn't resist any more. But how are we going to break through the net which the police have thrown aaround me?"

"By getting the best lawyer we can procure. I shall insist on Judge Brewster taking the case. He declines, but I shall go to his office again this afternoon. He must—"

Howard shook his head.

"You'll not be able to get Brewster. He would never dare offend my father by taking up my case without his permission. He won't even see you."

"We'll see," she said quietly. "He'll see me if I have to sit in his office all day for weeks. I have decided to have Judge Brewster defend you because I believe it would mean acquittal. He will build up a defense that will defeat all the lies that the police have concocted. The police have a strong case because of your alleged confession. It will take a strong lawyer to fight them." Earnestly she added: "Howard, if your life is to be saved we must get Judge Brewster."

"All right, dear," he replied. "I can only leave it in your hands. I know that whatever you do will be for the best. I'll try to be as patient as I can. My only comfort is thinking of you, dear."

A heavy step resounded in the corridor. The keeper came up.

"Time's up, m'm," he said civilly.

Annie thrust her hand through the bars; Howard carried it reverently to his lips.

"Good-by, dear," she said. "Keep up your courage. You'll know that I am working for your release every moment. I won't leave a stone unturned."

"Good-by, darling," he murmured.

He looked at her longingly and there were tears in her eyes as she turned away.

"I'll be back very soon," she said.

A few minutes later they were in the elevator and she passed through the big steel gate once more into the sunlight street.

To Be Continued.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers:

Will some reader kindly give me some general information in regard to the mule-foot hog? I have seen some mention of it in advertisements. —G., Smithfield, Pa.

I have heard of a preseravtive fluid for fence posts. A hole is bored in the post, near the ground, and then plugged. Can anyone give me this method of treatment?—B., Marcellus, Mich.

Storing Ice.

In storing ice in houses first get the bottom of the house level and then put about two inches of old sawdust on the floor. Place the first tier of ice with the cakes flat on the floor. When that is in place, put the next tier on edge, starting the ice against the wall. Start the next tier in the opposite direction, and so on until the house is full. Put all on edge except the bottom tier and do not leave any space between the wall, as it is not necessary when the walls are thick enough to keep out the air.

The walls should be from six to 12 inches thick and if the building is a frame one it should be boarded up with sheating on the outside. The space between the outside and inner wall should be filled with old sawdust, using the same to cover the top of the ice to the depth of eight to ten inches. In large houses, where the ice is put up in large quantities, wheat straw or marsh grass is often used. But in small houses use old sawdust, as new sawdust is heating and the ice will not keep.

I have never had any experience in storing ice in a cellar, but it can doubtless be done satisfactorily. If the cellar is an excavated one it should be well drained; otherwise it will fill with water and would not do to store ice in. A seven foot cellar is not high enough to store very much ice in, unless the walls be raised to about ten feet and a comb roof put on so there will be air space above. Sawdust would not need be put between the wall and ice, but nine or ten inches on top of the ice is enough.—W. B. in Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

Colts in Winter.

There is a great tendency on the part of many to neglect the colts on the farm during the winter, says W. H. Tombave, writing in the Farmers' Weekly Dispatch, St. Paul. It too often happens that there is an apparent shortage of feed, and the result is that colts are slighted. One way of ruining a young colt is to have his growth stunted during the first year or two. Most of the colts on the fram get a good start the first six months of their lives, from the fact that they are allowed to suckle the dam during that time. Early fall provides them with good pasture, and possibly they have been receiving some oats or shared part of the feed of the mare. Such treatment puts them in good shape for the winter, but liberal feeding must be kept up if a strong, well-developed and matured horse is expected. The colt's system requires a considerable amount of bone and muscle-building material, and this can only be had by feeding nitrogenous feeds, such as oats, a little bran, oil meal; and, if obtainable, some clover hay. The feeding of corn, so often practiced, is not desirable for the growing colt, but had better be confined to the matured horses. Access to the straw pile will not hurt a growing colt, but it should not be compelled to rely on the straw pile for a livelihood.

The question is often asked: Why do we find so many promising colts at the county fairs during the fall, and such poor yearlings? The foregoing statement is in part explanatory of such a condition of affairs.

One of the best forms of investment on the farm is the liberal feeding of farm animals of all kinds; and the colt is no exception. A well-bred colt, if properly taken care of and fed the right kind of feed during his first three years of life, will bring from $75 to $100 more when three years old than the one that is neglected and poorly fed. Good young horses are always in demand on the market, and can only be supplied from the farms where colts receive the proper care and treatment.

The Tariff and Sheep.

With a change of administration at Washington it is believed that a reduction in the tariff on wool is sure to come, the party coming into power being pledged to a reduction.

When the tariff on wool was reduced in 1893 sheep were simply sacrificed in a wholesale way. Large bands from the range were dumped before this market, regardless of the prices that could be obtained for them. On the arable farm a similar course was adopted. One outcome was that the sheep in the country were reduced by millions. A second was that the market for mutton, for the time being, was glutted. A third was a tremendous slump in the prices paid for sheep, and a fourth was the high cost of sheep when the duties were again put on wool a few years later.

One writer argues that the flockmasters made a mistake in thus sacrificing their flocks. He advises the owner to hold onto his sheep, that they will still be profitable even in face of a reduction of the price paid for wool. Owners are advised to go right on, keeping the even tenor of their way, regardless of what the politicians may do. It is urged that not a single sheep should be sacrificed because of the impending reduction in the tariff on wool —that the sheep will pay in spite of the contemplated reduction.

LIVE STOCK

Alfalfa for Brood Sows.

As alfalfa is about 50 per cent richer in protein than red clover, it makes an ideal forage for sows. In the alfalfa districts of the west it has come to be quite generally used in wintering all classes of farm stock, especially hogs. They seem to relish it even when fed perfectly dry. Experiments of this character have been carried on at some of our experiment stations, the outcome of which indicates that alfalfa hay can be made the chief part of the ration for brood sows in winter.

A number of brood sows at the Wisconsin station were once wintered entirely on alfalfa hay and water and they came through the winter in fairly good condition and produced large, heavy litters of pigs. From this, however, it would seem that alfalfa hay alone does not furnish the proper amount of heating material to keep the sows awrm in our climate. A small amount of corn at least should be given to maintain the bodily heat during the most severe weather.

All classes of hogs are very fond of alfalfa pasture during the winter months, and when the fields are not much covered with snow, they will pasture on it with as much relish as they do in the summer. However, this treatment is harmful to the alfalfa, as it will not stand the close feeding it is liable to get if a large number of hogs are turned on it during an open winter. They will eat off the crowns of the alfalfa and these are needed to give the plants sufficient winter protection.

From the experience of those who feed alfalfa very extensively it seems that the most satisfactory way to give it to brood sows is to use a steaming box. The alfalfa is placed in a large box that has a tight cover and the steam turned on. This softens the alfalfa and puts it in such condition that it is relished by the hogs. Another plan is to put it in a tight box and moisten it so that it will develop some heat. Twenty-four hours is usually sufficient to soften it up sufficiently, and it will then be relished by the hogs. Still another plan is to put alfalfa and red clover through a cutting box, cutting it very fine and then mixing this with a thick slop that is sometimes all cooked together. This plan we believe, however, is a little too expensive for the average farmer, and profits would be counterbalanced by the necessary equipment.

For the average farmer the best way to feed alfalfa hay is to sweep up the leavings on the barn floor that break off from the alfalfa and red clover and feed them. These will be relished in this form and will go a long way toward applying the much needed bone and muscle-making material that they must have in order to produce strong, healthy litters of pigs in the spring.

THE DAIRY

Keep Milk Records.

Records of the dairy herd at Minnesota University farm indicates that it is not necessary to weigh or test the milk more often than one day each month in order to secure a very accurate record of what the cow is doing. It is generally believed, however, that while a monthly butter-fat test is sufficient, it is good practice on the farm to weigh and record the milk at each milking. This is very easily done if milk scales and record sheets are conveniently arranged. This method not only furnishes an accurate record of each cow's work, but it also enables the dairyman to tell at once if anything is wrong with any cow in the herd. If a cow gives two or three pounds of milk less than usual it is noted instantly, and an effort can be made to remedy the trouble. There may be several causes for a smaller milk flow, as poor pasture, exposure to cold or rain, or rough treatment. At any rate, no matter what the cause may be, if the milk is weighed regularly, a drop in the milk flow can be remedied before it has become permanent. It is urged, therefore, that the milk be weighed at each milking, that a sample for the butter-fat test be taken at about the same time each month, and that this sample be a composite sample from four consecutive milkings.

To secure a set of dairy record blanks, write to the Book Store, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn. Full directions for using the blanks accompany them.—A. D. Wilson, University Farm, St. Paul.

Essentials.

In feeding the cows do not give them more than they can eat readily. Any feed that is left in the mangers after the cows are through will naturally represent a certain amount of waste.

Look over the young stock carefully before disposing of them. A prize heifer may slip away and the credit and benefit go to some other man.

The cows should be calm and serene when they are being milked. Keep cats and dogs away from the barn at milking time if you expect your cows to be quiet and produce a normal supply of milk.

Cows needs considerable bulky feeds, such as hay, silage, stover, bran, hulls, etc. Those who feed high priced concentrates must remember that bulk also is required in feeding cows.

Cows are needed on every farm to convert hay, grass and concentrates into highly nutritious food for man. These animals are neglected and there are none needed more.

Milk is well known as having a high food value, but a comparison with meats and vegetables shows it to have a well balanced content in addition to the ease in which is it assimilated by the most delicate system. It is the mainstay of babies and invalids.

POULTRY

Layers or Show Birds?

The question is often asked: "Which will be the more protfiable for me to raise—layers or show birds?" The answer is largely a matter of opinion. To some people the show bird has a stronger appeal, because of the difficulty to breed a really good bird. Others show their good birds simply for the honor of winning, says Chesla Sherlock in the Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

There is no doubting the fact that the showing of fine poultry is an advancement to the poultry industry and that when a good bird is produced it will bring a good price. For instance—a prominent eastern breeder refused a cash offer of $2,000 for his winner in the cockerel class at the Madison Square Garden show, New York city.

When poultrymen are willing to offer such a sum of money for a single bird and when the owner is just as prompt to refuse the offer, it shows that a good bird is worth something. There is not a layer in the country that would bring the price of $2,000.

Other show birds have sold for sums that sound as absurd as the above instance. One prominent breeder sold a pen of chickens—a male and four females—for the sum of $7,400 to a fashionable society lady. This same breeder also had a hen that he claimed was worth more than $10,000 to his business.

But let us turn once more to the humble layers—the ones that supply us with 51,000,000 eggs daily. Does the hen prove more protable than the show bird? Our answer is YES—in capital letters. But how can she prove more protfiable than the show bird when she is rarely worth no more than $2 or $3?

The answer is this: Because layers are not as uncommon as good show birds. The birds worth up in the thousands of dollars come but once in a lifetime. It takes years of careful breeding to produce them and it is very seldom that one breeder produces more than one good show bird.

But the case is different with the layers. There are thousands of good layers over the country that are steadily turning the profits into their owners' pockets. It is true that they do not win a lot of glory for their owners by taking every prize in the country, but, just the same, in their humble way they go about their business and produce the results.

At the time of this writing eggs are selling for 72 cents per dozen—six cents each—on the New York city market. If the owner of a flock of good layers can get 72 cents per dozen for his eggs, it looks like there still is something to be made in the egg business.

At the present price of feed, eggs can be sold at 35 cents per dozen and a profit will be realized. I am referring to where the owner is forced to buy all of his feed. Of course, if one has all the feed needed it will not cost so much to produce a dozen eggs and the profit will be still greater.

It is for this reason that the egg producing business belongs to the farmer and not to the city lot owner. If the city lot owner can make a good profit in the egg business why not the farmer also?

The Pale Egg.

The fact that yellow corn has an influence in coloring both the yolks of the eggs and the plumage of the fowl, goes to shoy that it will add color to the pale egg if handled and fed in the correct manner. The chances are that the inexperienced poultryman will feed it in great quantities on reading the above statement. This should not be done. He should remember that corn still has the influence to fatten a laying hen in a very short time and will soon put her out of commission as a layer if kept up for any length of time.

Feed plenty of other grain, but allow the corn to be slightly in the majority during the cold months. An abundance of good green food should be given—enough to offset the grain in the ration. Enough animal food should be allowed to keep them in good condition.

THE ORCHARD

Red Clover Fatal to Peaches.

Peach growers out in Colorado claim that the planting of red clover in a peach orchard is fatal to the trees. They say that any man who persists in growing red clover in his peach orchard for two consecutive years might as well say goodby to his trees. Some folks naturally thing the trouble is due to the absorbtion of moisture through the clover crop but this is not so, for the effect is the same when great quantities of water are turned in. Trees among the red clover this season only made two inches of growth, and looked spindling, and so yellow-like that everybody could see at a glance that they were sick. Sweet clover, on the other hand, is all right and has proven the very best green fertilizer that can be grown in an orchard, and alfalfa is not so bad in a grown orchard, but red clover—never.

"With a rotation of corn and peas: oats and vetch, sweet potatoes, rye and cowpeas, where should I practice deep plowing? Plow deeply for the corn, and only disk the land for the oats and vetch. Plow shallow and hill lightly for sweet potatoes, to prevent their growing too long. Rye after sweet potatoes will need only disking and fining the surface, and in turning it under for peas, plow deeply and follow the peas with clover to be turned under for corn again.

TRAPPING

Muskrats on Mississippi.

Muskrat skins are now being brought into every upper Mississippi village and town by the thousands. A buyer at McGregor, Iowa, has purchased as many as 700 in a single day, all caught within a few miles of town. Although the season is young, one man at Harper's Ferry, Iowa, has trapped 500 up to date. Another trapper in the same locality caught enough in 13 days to net him $157. Where two years ago 25 cents was considered a good price for skins, they are now bringing from 40 to 50 cents.

Government Wolf Bait.

A recipe for bait for killing wolves, which was furnished by the government, follows: For poisoning wolves, place four grains of pulverized sulphate of strychnine in a three-grain gelatin capsule, cap securely and wipe off every trace of the bitter drug. The capsule should be inserted in a piece of beef suet the size of a walnut and the cavity securely closed to keep out moisture. The juice of fresh meat will dissolve the gelatin capsule, hence only fat should be used. The necessary number of these poisoned baits may be prepared and carried in a tin can or pail, but they should not be touched with naked hands. Old gloves or forceps should be used to handle them. The baits may be dropped from horseback along a scented drag line, made by draging an old bone or piece of hide, or may be placed on, around or partly under any carcass on which the wolves are feeding along trails followed by the wolves.

STEADY HAND
A Surgeon's Hand Should Be the Firmest of All.

"For fifteen years I have suffered from insomnia, indigestion and nervousness as a result of coffee drinking," said a surgeon the other day. (Tea is equally injurious because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"The dyspepsia became so bad that I had to limit myself to one cup at breakfast. Even this caused me to lose my food soon after I ate it.

"All the attendant symptoms of indigestion, such as heart burn, palpitation, water brash, wakefulness or disturbed sleep, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, etc., were present to such a degree as to incapacitate me for my practice as a surgeon.

"The result of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum was simply marvelous. The change was wrought forthwith, my hand steadied and my normal condition of health was restored." Name given upon request. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form, called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers—50c-cup tin 30 cts., 100-cup tin 50 cts.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

HOMELY HINTS

Cut out the parlor and make a living room of it. You will all live the longer for it.

Graham, entire wheat or white breadcrumbs are all good to use for coating croquettes.

Things to keep sweet: The milk pail, the dishcloth, the kitchen sink, the syrup cup and your temper.

Wire the stovepipe so that it will not shake apart with the jar of the stove or the travel across the floors.

Butter "shortens" less than the same quantity of lard, etc.; because it contains considerable milk or curd and water.

If half a teaspoon of baking powder is added to the milk used in preparing mashed potatoes, they will be fluffy and light.

Citron may be sliced easily if laid in a small strainer and placed on the top of the teakettle for a few minutes; the steam softens it.

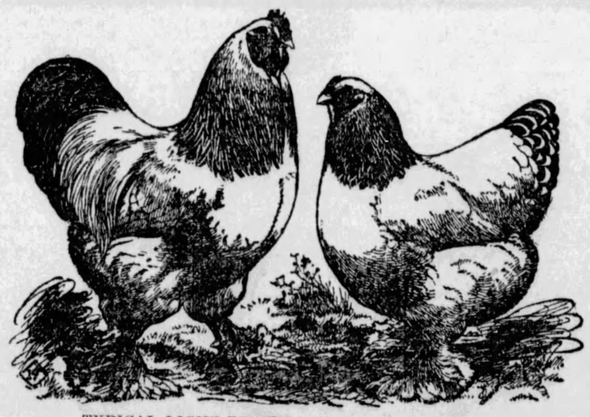
Make a little flour and water paste and wet the edge of the lower pie-crust; then press down upper crust carefully and the juices will not escape.

When the men folks have been out a good while in the cold, have some good hot soup for supper. This will send the cold flying and make the heart glad.

Have a shelf in the cellarway for the basin in which you get your potatoes, and keep it there. No hunting for it then; it's always right on your way down to the cellar.

To keep fruit jellies from moulding, put an even half-inch of sugar over the top after the jelly is cool, and cover the glass with thick paper dipped in the white of an egg.

HISTORY OF THE LIGHT BRAHMAS



TYPICAL LIGHT BRAHMA MALE AND FEMALE.

Back in the early '40s ships from the ports of Asia brought to the United States fowls which our fathers will remember as Shanghais and Chittagongs, writes Louis Paul Graham, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Their enormous size was a matter of public comment. All accounts agree that these fowls were large enough to eat corn from the top of a barrel or a table with ease. Some were red, some light gray and others dark gray. From them the fanciers of America have developed our Asiatic breeds, Cochins and Brahmas, the light gray stock being the progenitors of what were successively known as Brahma-Pootras and later as Light Brahmas.

George P. Burnham, of Boston, gave them their first boost in popularity in 1853 by presenting several to the late Queen Victoria, and as a result of this clever advertising they immediately sprang into favor in England.

Virgil Cornish and a Mr. Chamberlain, of Connecticut, were the first true fanciers of the Light Brahmas, and did much to improve and popularize the breed. A demand was quickly created, and this fowl enjoyed much poplarity and has been extensively bred, especially in the New England states, since that time.

The American fanciers demand that the Light Brahma cock weigh 12 pounds; cockerel, 10 pounds; hen 9½ pounds, and pullet 8 pounds; but they more often exceed this weight. Many of the young birds will weigh pounds heavier than the weight demanded for old stock. It is the giant of poultrydom, representing probably the highest development of the Asiatic type of fowls.

Light Brahmas are big boned and carry good flesh, and are most satisfactory for the production of large roasting chickens, being used extensively, both pure bred and as a cross, to produce the famous "soft roaster" of the Boston market.

Where capons are demanded, no other fowl is better suited to use for cross-breeding to produce the soft flesh and make the development in size where extra pounds mean additional profit.

Cull specimens are much sought by market poultry growers. One dealer in south Jersey makes a practice of breeding and rearing Light Brahmas and Partridge Cochins for the express purpose of supplying males of these varieties to his poultry growers throughout the section. He buys the entire product, dressed, and supplies the leading markets of New York and Philadelphia at fancy prices.

Light Brahmas possess rugged vitality and are especially suitable to northern latitudes, where severe winter weather will do less toward checking their laying than in the case of other breeds.

They lay well when properly handled, and, in fact, some strains have been developed which possess an enviable record. Their eggs are rich, dark brown and much in demand in Boston, Philadelphia and some other markets.

They are vigorous birds, one of the most active of the Asiatic varieties, and do well in confinement or on range. The chicks grow rapidly and are comparatively easy to rear, but take longer to mature and reach laying condition than any of the Mediterranean or American varieties. However, they make many more pounds of flesh and possess the advantage of being capable of sustaining a winter egg production in spite of severe climatic changes.

Light Brahmas are clothed in the most simple and striking colors—black and white. The body is white and the tail is black, the wings black and white and the hackle retains the black stripe. This color contrast is particularly striking, and the fowls command admiration because of their great size and striking color combination. They are the most docile and tractable of fowls, being easily confined by a low fence and are not inclined to wander far from home.

Much less inclined to scratch than the more active varieties, they may be safely given the range of the green lawn and paris of the garden. This freedom is of great advantage to the fowls, and their majestic appearance lends an interesting attraction to the landscape.

Don't Fool With Wood Shingles

Buy STEEL Shingles
They Cost Less, Last Longer, Are Easier to Put On and Are Fireproof

This is the Age of Steel. Wood shingles have gone out of date. Cost too much; Too much bother to put on. Rot out in a few years. And they multiply by 10 the danger of fire.

Thoughtful men are nailing STEEL Shingles right over their old wooden roofs.

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come in big sheets of 100 shingles or more. Don't have to put them on one at a time like wood shingles. Just nail the whole sheet right over old roof or on sheathing. No extras, no painting, no tools needed. And money can't buy a more handsome roof.

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Write for Special Factory Prices —Freight Prepaid

We sell direct from factory to user, thus saving you 40%. And our business is so big that we cut our profit per sale to about half the maker's usual profit. And we pay the freight. Amazing as it may seem, these STEEL Shingles actually cost LESS than wood shingles.

Send postal at once for our latest Roofing Book No. 128 and Special Factory Prices. Give size of roof, if you can.

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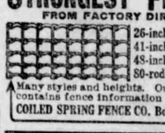
Veterinary Course at Home



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and Almanac for 1913 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 1033 Freeport, Ill.

4½ Delivered TO YOUR DOOR PREPAID

Wisconsin Jr. Incubator now out all charges paid, under new Parcels Post Ruling for only $4.65. Made of California Redwood, hot water, copper tanks, self-regulating, double walls. Set up complete, ready to use. Guaranteed. Under $1.70. Order direct or send for catalog.

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STRONGEST FENCE MADE
FROM FACTORY DIRECT TO FARM

26-inch Hog Fence.....14c.
41-inch Farm Fence.....21c.
48-inch Poultry Fence...22½c.
80-rod spool Barb Wire, $1.55

FACE TERRIBLE SIGHT WITH PIMPLES

Festered and Formed Hard Crust. Spread Rapidly. Soon Body was Covered. Terrible Itching. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

87 East 3rd Ave., Columbus, Ohio.—"When my little boy was eleven months old a tiny red spot appeared on the left side of his face. Tiny pimples sprang up from the red spot and they festered and formed a hard crust which spread rapidly. Soon his entire body was covered. His face was a terrible sight to see; one side was entirely covered and his ear was held tight to his head by the crusts which filled in so rapidly. His ear could not be seen. I had to keep little mittens made out of old soft linen tied on his hands to keep him from digging and tearing at his face and body. I kept his body bandaged in old linen because his clothes increased his suffering. We had to cut off every bit of his hair. He could neither sit down nor lie down and I could not hold him because the heat of my body increased the terrible itching.

"Then one day I saw the advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. I bought some more. Within two weeks' time not a blemish was left to show where the terrible disease had been. Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured him." (Signed) Mrs. Grace C. Lind, Mar. 31, 1912.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment 50c. are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

KING'S ATTIC A GOLD MINE

Many Tips Gathered by Caretaker of King Peter's Former Home.

Paris, Dec. 24.—There is in Paris a concierge who is reaping a small harvest of tips from visitors to an attic, which, a quarter of a century ago, was tenanted by no less a personage than the present king of Servia, in the less palmy days of his pretendership.

The agreement can also be seen by which Peter Karageogevich hired the attic for the annual rental of $150, which was really rather exorbitant, considering the neighborhood in which this erstwhile abode of royalty is situated.

BIG RANCHES OF WEST GOING FAST

British Nobleman Says Nearly All Land Is Sold to Farmers.

London, Dec. 26.—After spending 23 years in the far west, Cecil Talbot has returned to England to succeed his brother as Lord Grey De Ruthyn. He is delighting his guests at the beautiful country house of the ancient and aristocratic family by anecdotes of his career as a stock raiser in the wonderful west of the American continent.

Days of Real Ranching.

In 1889, accompanied by Harold Lowther, brother of the speaker of the house of commons, Cecil Talbot settled in Montana. Those were the days of real ranching, when the west was free, wild and woolly. Before any limit was set upon grazing land they had, his lordship says, as many as 40,000 cattle, the roundup sometimes necessitating the boys having to go out for a distance of 200 miles to gather the cattle together.

"But," says the new peer, "those days are gone. Ranching today is practically over, the land is all being fenced off, just in a similar way as it is being parceled out here in England, having been sold in lots to the settlers, who have within the last few years literally poured into the country."

"Lord Grey says he enjoyed the ranching life immensely, and he admits that both Mr. Lowther and himself "did very well." He intends to reside in England, but will make occasional trips across to America to look after his 2,000 acres in Montana. As to the prospects of Canada, he believes it is bound to go ahead, and that any young fellow who is prepared to work hard and persevere, and leave drink alone, has a good future out there.

"Man, the Hunter," was the subject of a speech made by Lady Aberconway when presiding at a meeting of the National Council for Public Morals, held at her house in Belgrave Square. Man's nature, her ladyship says is two-fold. On the one side he is a hunter and of his game woman is the chief.

On the other hand, a second nature is always striving with the first—the nature of the guardian angel who spreads his wings over woman and helps her upwerd to the land of purity and happiness which he sees in his imagination.

It is no light or easy matter, observed her ladyship, for a man to turn his back on some of the prejudices of his sex and declare for an equal morality. It is for women to support this movement. "We have passed the stage where women of position, married women of unblemished character, stood alone and turned their backs on the others. The cause of womanhood is one, and any wrong thing that is done to any woman is a shame for every woman."

Lady Aberconway says that the shame and disgrace of the traffic which is to be met by the white slave traffic bill rests on the government which allows the vast organization of the social evil to grow up. She asserts that the use of the lash in Canada as punishment for offenses against women and girls has been followed by a 70 per cent reduction in this class of crime.

Last Match Saves Two.

Pent in a sinking balloon in midchannel, two aeronauts were saved from drowning by striking what proved to be their last available match as a distress signal. Eastbourne fishermen, near at hand, saw the signal and came to the rescue just in time.

The balloonists, Arthur Turner and Mr. Nolan of the Royal Aero Club, said that they left Battersea at 12:30 p. m., intending to descend on the southern coast. The balloon rose to the height of 3,000 feet. Traveling swiftly with the wind, they descended near Buxted, and were informed that it was 30 miles from the coast. They rose again to 3,000 feet, and presently sighted what they believed to be the Royal Sovereign lightship.

Darkness came, and with it a thick fog and rain. They lost their bearings, and the envelope of the balloon became soaked by the vapor, and though all but one of the bags of sand had been thrown out, the balloon dropped to within 50 feet of the sea and threatened every minute to become submerged.

The balloonists shouted for two hours, but could make nobody hear, although they heard several steamers passing quite close to them. Finally they saw a light about half a mile away, which, as they discovered later, came from some fishermen who were putting out nets.

The men in the sinking balloon had only three matches. The first went out, but the second burned for about five seconds, and this it was that saved their lives. The third match broke. The fishermen, having noticed the faint light, rowed up and took them into the boat.

HOW PARCEL POST MAY BE UTILIZED

Regulations Explain Many Things Which Its Patrons Should Know.

Washington, Dec. 28.—The new parcel post system authorized by the postal appropriation act passed by congress at the last session and which goes into effect on the first day of the new year, carries an appropriation of $750,000 for the expense incident to its establishment, including $180,000 for equipment, $42,000 for printing, $23,000 for special mail sacks, $16,000 for 10,000,000 tags, $1,000 for 110,000 tape lines and approximately $11,000 for rubber stamps and other miscellaneous necessities.

A series of committees made up of department officers and postal experts have been working out the details of the new system for four months. Many thousand of inquiries have been received from all over the country about the regulations and the postmaster general has had many requests to send officers of the service to attend meetings of boards of trade and other similar organizations, to explain the system and its operation.

After the system has been in operation 15 days, the postmasters will submit a report showing the volume of business, the additional cost, together with an outline of the plan of handling new business.

Effective All Over.

Unlike the rural free delivery, the parcel post becomes effective throughout the entire postal service at the same time. Like the birth of Minerva, the system will spring into existence fully equipped for its mission in carrying matter to and from any point in the country. Every precaution will be taken to have the mails moving with the usual dispatch and after the Christmas rush and before the New Year Day, the postmasters will spend much time instructing their clerks and carriers just how the business should be accepted and handled to the best advantage.

The law admits to the mails practically all kinds of merchandise that can be safely transported, including products of the farm and garden as well as factory products, provided such articles do not weigh over eleven pounds nor exceed 72 inches in combined length and girth.

The regulations provide that parcels may be mailed at any post office for delivery to any address in the country, "including farm and factory products, (but not books and printed matter) of almost every description up to 11 pounds in weight." Books and printed matter are not included, and so cannot be sent by this system.

The Zone Rates.

The minimum rate will be five cents for the first pound and three cents for each additional pound to any point not exceeding 50 miles from the office of mailing; the local rate, which is five cents for the first pound and one cent for each additional pound, applies to all parcels the delivery of which does not involve their transportation on railway lines. The rates increase for each successive one of the zones as they are called, the maximum being 12 cents a pound, which will carry a parcel across the continent or to any of our possessions. This enables the farmer or the factory producer to send his products by mail from and to any point in this country or our possessions.

Another feature which the regulations cover is the insurance on parcels. It provides that "a mailable parcel may be insured against loss in an amount equivalent to its actual value, but not to exceed $50, on payment of a fee of 10 cents in parcel post stamps, such stamps to be affixed." The liability for indemnity shall cease when delivery has been effected.

Must Not Be Sealed.

The law requires that parcels must be prepared for mailing in such manner that the contents can be easily examined and will not be accepted unless it bears the name and address of the sender preceded by the word "From."

Under the Mailable Perishable Articles are butter, lard, fish fresh meats, dressed fowls, vegetables, fruits, berries and articles that decay quickly. Articles must all be marked "Perishable" and those articles which are likely to spoil within the time reasonably required for transportation and delivery will not be accepted for mailing. Postmasters, however, are given the right to destroy any matter which becomes offensive and injurious to health if such articles cannot be delivered.

Manufacturers and dealers intending to transmit articles in considerable quantities are asked to submit to the postmaster for approval a specimen parcel showing the manner of packing. Queen bees, live insects and dried reptiles may be mailed. Seeds of fruit, nursery stock and all other plant products for propagation are also mailable under the same conditions.

Candies, confectionary, yeast cakes, soap in hard cakes, etc., must be inclosed in boxes and so wrapped as to prevent injury to other mail matter. Sealed original packages, of propriety articles, such as soaps, tobaccos, pills, tablets, etc., put up in fixed quantities by the manufacturer, will be accepted. Millinery, toys, musical instruments, etc., and articles wholly or in part of glass or contained in glass, must be securely packed and the parceled labelled "Fragile."

Ink powders, pepper, snuff, or other similar powders not explosives, or any similar pulverized dry substance not poisonous, may be sent when inclosed in cases made of metal, wood or other material to render impossible the escape of any of the contents. Flour of all kinds must be put up in such manner as to prevent the package breaking or cracking or the flour being scattered in the mails. Other rules which apply to all mail applies to the parcel post matter, such as the forwarding of parcels and parcels on which the postage is unpaid.

ALASKA PROSPERS IN 1912

Shows Total of $63,000,000 in Commerce With Other Countries.

Washington, Dec. 27.—Alaska has prospered in many respects during the last year, according to Gov. Walter E. Clark in his annual report, submitted yesterday to Secretary of the Interior Fisher. Gov. Clark deplores, however, the present lack of railroad construction and of cheap native fuel, declaring that proper development of the territory's resources demands adequate means of transportation and the opening up of the fuel resources.

As to commerce between Alaska and the United States and with foreign countries, it was the largest last year in the history of the territory, totaling almost $63,000,000. Of this amount $18,800,000 was of merchandise from the United States, $1,000,000 above the previous record in 1910.

Alaska shipped to the states $13,200,000 worth of canned salmon and $1,100,000 worth of other fish, $5,000,000 worth of copper ore, $17,200,000 worth of gold, and other products valued at more than $38,000,000.

INDIGNANT AT TURKS' DEMANDS

Balkan Allies Can't Repress Ejaculations of Dissent as Propositions Are Read.

London, Dec. 28.—"These terms do not form even the basis for negotiations," was the unanimous outcry of the peace envoys of the allied Balkan nations today after Rechad Pasha, the chief Turkish delegate, had read the reply he had received from Constantinople to his request for instructions.

The sitting of the conference today assumed quite a different aspect from that of its last meeting, at which the Servian envoy read the terms offered by the allies.

Today, even while Rechad Pasha was engaged in reading the Turkish propositions, the Balkan delegates could not refrain from manifesting their astonishment and indignation by means of gestures and expressive exclamations.

Turkey's Propositions.

The proposals presented today by the Ottoman delegates were:

First—The province of Adrianople to remain under the direct administration of Turkey.

Second—Macedonia to be converted into a principality with Saloniki as its capital. The principality to be under the suzeranity of the sultan of Turkey, but governed by a prince chosen by the Balkan allies and nominated by the sultan of Turkey. This prince to be a Protestant and from a neutral state.

Third—Albania to be autonomous under the sovereignty of the sultan and governed by a prince of the imperial Ottoman family, who is to be chosen for a term of five years with the possibility of a renewal of his apointment.

Fourth—All the islands in the Aegean sea to remain Turkish.

Fifth—The Cretan question not to be one for the decision of the conference, as it is a matter between Turkey and the great European powers.

"Why did we fight, then?"

"What is the return for our victories?"

"Doesn't the blood shed by 100,000 glorious victims deserve some other reward?"

"It is a mockery and not a serious conference!"

These were some of the ejaculations which crossed the medieval picture gallery in St. James' palace.

Turk Envoy Smiles.

After the conference had decided to adjourn until Monday the conversation was even more animated. Rechad Pasha was the only calm personage present. With his right hand in his trousers pocket and his left hand caressing his beard as though hiding a smile, he stood there quietly without uttering a word.

This result of today's meeting, which might appear like a rupture to superficial observers, must, according to qualified opinion, be interpreted otherwise. Both sides, it is pointed out, have now laid down the maximum aspirations and neither of them expects to see their maximum demands realized.

The Balkans' Claim.

The members of the Balkan league protested during the meeting that the Ottoman delegates did not recognize the facts of the situtation which had resulted from the war and gave scant recognition to the territorial claims of the allies.

One of the Bulgarian delegates, speaking to the Turks, said, "You must remember that the allied troops are still at the Tchatalja lines. Unless you are willing to negotiate on the basis of the dismemberment of European Turkey, any discussion will be futile."

The Ottoman delegates staunchly upheld the reasonableness of the proposals, but promised to transmit the observations of the Balkan envoys to Constantinople and to give an answer on Monday.

CELEBRATION FOR BLADE READERS:

Doubtless every reader of The Blade feels acquainted with Deafness Specialist Sproule of Boston through his long advertising in this paper. He has rid many, many of its readers and their families through his New Method of Treatment, of their Ear Troubles.

To celebrate his 25th Anniversary, he offers to every reader of this paper, a Head Noises Treatment FREE.

Turn to the 6th page, 8th column, and you will read all about it. Don't fail to share in the generous celebration.

—Advertisement.

LLOYD GEORGE FIXES DATE

Chancellor Agrees to Visit United States in September.

London, Dec. 27.—Lloyd George has definitely fixed his visit to the United States for next September.

When a delegation of prominent Pittsburg Welchmen approached him with an invitation to come to Pittsburg, the chancellor, owing to the precarious position of the home rule and Welsh disestablishment bills, was then averse to giving a definite answer.

So far the chancellor has declared his intention to visit New York, Boston and Washington, where, he says, he will be prepared to address his countrymen in the Welsh vernacular. The chancellor expects to be in America about a month.

He Comes Up Smiling

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

ingly. Slipping from the wall, he set out for the village below in the valley, where the road wound steeply down.

The village boasted but one barber shop, a quiet, little, dusty-white, one-room affair, leaning in timid humility against the protecting wall of the only other public building in town, dry goods, grocery and butcher shop in one. The church bells had stopped for some time when the Watermelon turned into the wide empty street, and strolled carelessly up to the faded red, white and blue pole of Wilton's Tonsorial Parlor. In its Sunday calm the whole village seemed deserted. A few of the bolder spirits who had outgrown apron strings and not yet been snared in any one's bonnet strings, had remained away from church and foregathered in the seclusion of the barber shop. The Watermelon regarded them a moment through the window as he felt carelessly in his pockets for the coins that were never there. It was a quiet crowd, well brushed hair, nicely polished boots and freshly shaved faces. They were reading the sporting news of Saturday's papers and ogling any girl, fairly young and not notoriously homely, who chanced to pass. The barber was cleaning up after his last customer and talking apparently as much to himself as to any one. Convinced of what he knew was so, that he had no money, Watermelon pushed open the door and entered.

"Hello," said he.

"Hello," said the barber.

All the papers were lowered and all conversation stopped as each man turned and scanned the newcomer with an interest the Watermelon modestly felt was caused by some event other than his own entry. He surmised that James had probably been there before him, and the next words of the barber confirmed his surmise.

That dapper little man scanned him coldly, from the rakish tip of his shabby hat to the nondescript covering on his feet which from force of habit he called shoes, and spoke with darkly veiled sarcasm:

"I suppose you are a guest from the hotel up to the lake?"

The Watermelon grinned. He recognized James' favorite role. "No," said he, cheerfully, "I'm John D., and me car is waiting without."

"A guest up to the hotel," repeated the barber, upon whom James had evidently made a powerful impression. "Just back from a two weeks' camping and fishing trip—"

"No," said Watermelon. "I don't like fishing, baiting the hook is such darned hard work."

"Just back," went on the barber, still quoting, his soul yet rankling with the deceit of man. "Look like a tramp, probably—"

"Am one," grinned the Watermelon.

"And you thought you would get a shave as you passed through the village, wouldn't dare let your wife see you—"

"Say," interrupted the Watermelon wearily, "what are you giving us? Did any one bunko you out of a shave with that lingo?"

"Yes," snapped the barber. "About an hour ago a feller blew in here and said all that. He talked well and I shaved him. He said he had sent his camping truck on to the hotel by his team; he had stopped off to get a shave. I shaved him and then he found he hadn't any money in his old clothes—but he would send it right down—oh, yes—the moment he got to the hotel. It ain't come and Harry, there, says there ain't no one up to the hotel like that. Harry's the porter"

"Sure," said Harry importantly. "I passed the feller as I was coming down and there ain't any one like him at the hotel."

The Watermelon laughed heartily. "A hobo, eh? Bunkoed you for fair. You fellers oughtn't to be so doggoned easy. Get wise, get wise!"

"We are wise now," said the barber ruefully, and added sternly: "If you want a shave, you've got to show your money first."

"Sure, I want a shave," said the Watermelon, and carelessly rattled a few old keys he carried in his pocket. Then jingled with the clink of loose coins and were pleasing to the ear if not so much to the touch. "I came here for a shave, but I pay for what I want, see? Say, I'll bet that feller busted your cash register," and he nodded pleasantly toward the new shiny receiver of customs on the shelf near the looking-glass.

The remark brought an agreeable thrill of excited expectation to all save the barber. He shook his head with boundless faith in his new possession. "I bought that just last week and the drummer said it was practically thief proof."

"Do you want to bet?" asked the Watermelon. "All there is in the register, huh? Even money," and he jingled the keys in his pocket.

"Naw," said the barber. "I know he couldn't have robbed it. It's impossible, even if the thing could be robbed, which it can't be. I was right here all the time."

"It's near the lookin'-glass," said the Watermelon. "He went close to the counter to see himself, didn't he?"

The Watermelon knew vanity as James' one weakness and realized with what pleasure he himself would stand before the mirror and gaze fondly at his own charms, uncontaminated by a shaggy, two-weeks' growth of beard.

"Yes," admitted the barber slowly. "He did look at himself for a long time."

"And some of the time your back was turned," added the Watermelon. "You were probably cleaning up or looking for a whisk."

"Yes," admitted the barber again, still more reluctantly. "But nobody can bust into one of them cash registers, not without a noise that would be heard across the room."

"I'll bet he did," said the Watermelon. "Do you take me?"

"But they can't be busted," reiterated the barber.

"Then why the devil don't you bet?" demanded the Watermelon. "You're betting on a sure thing."

"Yes, go on. Don't be scared," encouraged Wilton's gay youth in joyful chorus.

The barber started for his precious register, but the Watermelon reached it first and laid his hand on it.

"Do you take me?" he asked. "You have to say that before you can count the change or the bet's—— Say, is that the galoot?" he nodded suddenly toward the window and all turned quickly, instinctively, to look up the village street. The Watermelon hastily thrust a thin comb between the bell and the gong so it would not ring as he gently pressed the 25-cent key, registering another quarter; then he joined the others, pushing and struggling to see the man who did not pass, and gazed languidly over their heads.

"There ain't no one there," exclaimed the barber.

"He's passed out of sight," said the Watermelon, making a feeble attempt to see up the street. "He was almost by as I saw him."

"Do you take me?" he asked, as they returned to the counter, and the subject of the cash register. His hands were in his pockets and occasionally he jingled the keys.

"Aw, go on," urged Harry, who was a sport "What are you afraid of?"

"He couldn't have picked it," insisted the barber, whose faith in his register was really sublime.

"Sure he could. They are easy to a guy who knows the ropes," declared the Watermelon. "The drummer was handing you a lot of hot air when he said they can't be picked. You don't want to be so easy."

The slur on his mental capacity was too much for the barber. His vanity rose in defense of his register where his faith had failed. "I have some brains," he snorted. "I know the thing is perfectly safe. Yes, I take you."

He started to open the register, but the Watermelon objected. "Here," he cried, "let Harry do it. I'm not wanting to be bunkoed out of me hard-earned lucre." And he lovingly rattled the keys in his pockets.

Harry and the others stepped forward.

"How much has been registered?" asked the Watermelon.

Harry drew forth the strip of paper and after a few moments of mental agony, confused by the different results each obtained as all peered eagerly over his shoulder, he finally arrived at the correct answer, three dollars and sixty cents. It was Sunday and shaving day for the male quarter of the population.

"Three, sixty," announced Harry in some trepidation, lest he be flatly and promptly corrected.

The barber reached for the slip and added it on his own account. "Three, sixty," he agreed, and sighed.

"Count the cash," ordered the Watermelon, and Harry counted, slowly, carefully, laboriously, and the rest counted with him, more or less audibly.

When the last coin had been counted, there was a moment of puzzled silence. The Watermelon broke it.

"Three, thirty-five," said he. "What did I tell you?"

"Here," snapped the barber, "let me count it."

He pushed Harry aside and again all counted as the barber passed the coins. Quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies, the last one was lingeringly laid on the pile and the sum was lacking a quarter to make it complete according to the registered slip.

"Three dollars and 35 cents," said the Watermelon again, like the voice of doom.

"Well, I vum!" exclaimed Harry.

"How'd he do it?" asked the grocer's son, with an eye out for possibly similar emergencies nearer home.

The Watermelon shrugged. "I don't know," said he. "Can't do it myself, but the fellers in the cities have gotten so they can open 'em the minute the clerk turns his back. They can do it without any noise, too, and so quick you can't catch 'em. I'll be hanged if I know how they do it."

Again the barber counted the change, again he totaled the numbers on the registered slip. They would not agree. That painful lack of a quarter could not be bridged.

"He said it was automatic bookkeeping," moaned the barber, glaring at the slip that would register nothing less than three dollars and 60 cents.

"The bookkeeping's all right," said the Watermelon, "it's the money that ain't."

He gathered up the coins, slowly, lovingly, and the barber turned away from the painful sight.

"Do you want a shave?" he asked crossly.

The Watermelon sank gracefully into the chair. "It's hard luck," said he sympathetically, "but you oughtn't to be so easy. Get wise, get wise."

To Be Continued.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on Page 8.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

6067—Ladies' Dress.

A delightful frock is here pictured and one quite easy to make. It has the fashionable and convenient front closing and may be made with Empire or regulation waistline. The skirt is a four-gored model having inverted plait or habit back.

The pattern, No. 6067, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 will require 6 yards of 36 inch material and 5-8 of a yard of 22-inch all over. Width of lower edge is 2¾ yds.

6069—Girl's Frock.

The frock here shown has a yoke front and back. The dress closes at the back and may be made with high or low neck and with long or short sleeves. It may hang free or may be confined at the waist with a sash. Pale blue cashmere is nice for the development of the model with the sash of black velvet.

The pattern No. 6069 is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size will require 2⅜ yards of 36 inch material and 2 yards of satin or velvet ribbon.

6066—Ladies' Blouse.

This blouse is made with removable chemisette and long or short sleeves. The sleeves are set in deep armholes and are finished with chic cuffs. There is a dainty turn-down collar and a frill of edging adds completion.

The pattern, No. 6066, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size will require 2½ yards of 36 inch material and one yard of edging.

6075—Girl's Princess Slip.

This model gives a princess slip for a little girl. It may be made with or without circular flounce and with round or square neck. The design shows the slip developed in cambric with edging at the neck and armholes and the flounce embellished with two rows of insertion and a ruffle of embroidery edging.

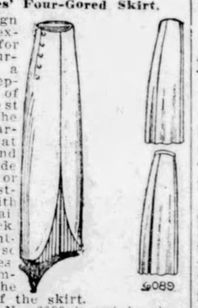
The pattern No. 6075 is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size will require 2⅝ yards of 36 inch material, 2¾ yards of insertion and 2 yards of edging.

6065—Children's Dress

This dress has the fastening at the side of front and has a dainty two-piece skirt. The neck collarless and the sleeves may be long or short. The cuffs and belt are fashioned of contrasting material which gives the frock a pleasing trimming touch.

The pattern, No. 6065, is cut in sizes 4 to 10 years. Medium size will require 2 5-8 yards of 36-inch material and ⅝ of a yard of 27-inch contrasting material.

6080—Ladies' Four-Gored Skirt.



In this design we have an excellent model for a ladies' four-gored skirt, a design that represents one of the cleverest styles of the season. This garment closes at center front and may be made with empire or regulation waistline and with inverted plait or habit back. Any of the wanted fabrics so popular at present may be employed in the construction of the skirt.

The pattern No. 6089 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Size 24 measures 3¼ yards at lower edge and requires 4¼ yards of 36 inch material.

6063—Girls' Dress

This dress closes at the front and may be made with long or short sleeves. The collar, cuffs and belt are of contrasting material. The frock is quite easy to make and may be constructed of wash goods or woolen fabric.

The pattern, No. 6063, is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ of a yard of 27-inch contrasting goods.

6061—Misses' Frock.

This dress is for the miss and small woman. The pattern provides for two styles of collar and the three-gores skirt may be made with Empire or regulation waistline. The closing is at the front.

The pattern, No. 6061, is cut in sizes 14 16 and 18 years. Medium size will require 4⅜ yds. of 36 in. material and ¾ of a yard of 27 inch goods.

6062—Children's Frock.

This dress may be made with high or low neck and with long or short sleeves. It fastens at the front and collar cuffs and wide belt are made of contrasting material.

The pattern, No. 6062, is cut in sizes 2 to 8 years. Medium size will require 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material and ⅝ of a yard of 27-inch contrasting material.

Paraguay is successfully growing coffee.

Thirty years ago the value of natural gas produced in the United States was less than $500,000. In 1911 there were nearly thirty thousand wells, which produced 508,353,241,000 cubic feet of gas, valued at nearly $75,000,000.

In Leghorn, Italy, a wealthy Hebrew of the name of Modigliani has bequeathed a large estate to be used to provide a vegetarian diet for his children, with the object of accustoming them to abstain from meat.

FEAR ANARCHY IN INDIA

Attack Upon Viceroy Is Thought to Be Significant.

Delhi, India, Dec. 24.—The attempt on the life of Baron and Lady Hardinge yesterday by an Indian fanatic kept the police and the civil authorities of the imperial city of India busily occupied today. A large number of persons have been arrested on suspicion of participation in the outrage.

In the course of the investigation it has been proved that at least 150 people were gathered at the back of the premises from which the bomb was thrown at the viceroy and vicereine In the vicinity also was a dense crowd of natives. There was an immediate scramble after the explosion of the bomb and confusion prevailed everywhere. No special police arrangements had been made for the occasion, and only the ordinary British officers were on duty in the streets.

Scores of theories are abroad in regard to the affair. Some believe that the attempted assassination was the work of a Bengalee who was trying to avenge what he considered the insult of the removal of India's capital from Calcutta to Delhi.

The incident generally is regarded as significant of the peril to which any high official is subjected in an Indian city now that anarchy has permeated certain classes of the very mixed population of the Indian empire.

A close examination of the howdah in which the viceroy was seated when the missle was thrown shows how narrow was the escape of Baron Hard dinge. The high back of the howdah, which was made of hard wood and against which the viceroy was reclining, was completely wrecked.

DENOUNCES "UNCLE TOM"

F. Hopkinson Smith Says Book Did Great Harm in World.

Camden, N. J., Dec. 26.—F. Hopkinson Smith, writer, painter and lecturer, is of the opinion that Uncle Tom's Cabin has done more harm to the world than any book ever written.

This statement was made in an address at the Camden high school, and Mr. Smith based his assertion upon the belief that the book gave to the world an erroneous conception of the life of the negro and conditions before the war. He attributed much of the bitter resentment that prevailed in the south for so many years after the war to the general ill feeling engendered by statements in Mrs. Stowe's work.

Mr. Smith also said that the general condition of the negro had not improved since the war, and that the colored population of the south was much happier and much better taken care of in the days of slavery.

NEW FEATHER BEDS ONLY $7.40

For a limited time we offer full 36 lb. New Feather beds $7.40 each. New Feather Pillows $1.25 per pair, f. o. b. factory, cash with order. All New Live Feathers. Best A. C. A. Ticking. Guaranteed as represented or money back. Prompt Shipment. Order to-day or write for free catalogue. We give bank references.

Agents Wanted. SOUTHERN FEATHER AND PILLOW CO. Dept. 20 GREENSBORO, N. C.

This Beautiful 20 Year Watch $3.75

Elegantly engraved THIN MODEL, GOLD FINISHED double Hunting case, 7 jewel American lever movement, stem wind and stem set. 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Long gold finished chain for Ladies, fob or vest chain for Gents. Free.

$3.75 "THIN MODEL"

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EXAMINATION FREE. Let us send it to you C. O. D. to your express office, subject to examination, if you think it is a bargain and equal to any $15.00 watch, pay the express agent our Special price $3.75. Mention Ladies' Men's or Boy's size. HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 108 CHICAGO, ILL.

15 NOVELS Thrilling Stories, all in one big book with 2 mo. sub. 10c. Weekly Capital, Dept. 13, Topeka, Kan. **FREE**

RING AND BRACELET GIVEN FOR FEW HOURS WORK

Sell 6 boxes of Smith's Rosebud Salve at 25c per box, a great remedy for burns, cuts, sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, colds, croup, etc. When sold return the $1.50 and we will promptly forward this adjustable bracelet, bright gold finish, and the gold filled wedding ring or choice from our premium list. Send No Money. We trust you. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 216, Woodsboro, Md.

AIRMAN FALLS TO DEATH

Edward Petre Runs Into Gale and Machine Falls.

London, Dec. 24.—Edward Petre, a well known English airman, was killed today near Redcar, while undertaking a flight from the Brooklands aerodrome to Edinburgh. He intended to cover the distance without stopping. His monoplane ran into a heavy gale on the way and his machine was dashed to earth, the motor fell on the aviator, killing him instantly.

Petre narrowly escaped death near Aldershot on October 24.

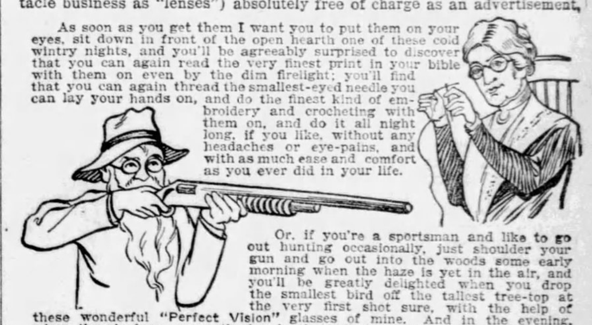
Germany is learning to eat American grape fruit.

Glasses Absolutely Free

Don't Send Me One Cent

when you answer this announcement, as I am going to mail you a brand new pair of my wonderful **"Perfect Vision"** glasses (known in the spectacle business as "lenses") absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes, sit down in front of the open hearth one of these cold wintry nights, and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible with them on even by the dim firelight; you'll find that you can again thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long, if you like, without any headaches or eye-pains, and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.



Or, if you're a sportsman and like to go out hunting occasionally, just shoulder your gun and go out into the woods some early morning when the haze is yet in the air, and you'll be greatly delighted when you drop the smallest bird off the tallest tree-top at the very first shot sure, with the help of these wonderful **"Perfect Vision"** glasses of mine. And in the evening, when the shadows are gathering in the twilight, you'll easily distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pasture at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach with them on—and this even if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.

Now Don't Take My Word For It

but send for a pair at once and try them out yourself for reading, sewing, hunting, driving, indoors, outdoors, anywhere and everywhere, anyway and everyway. Then after a thorough tryout, if you find that every word I have said about them is as honest and as true as gospel, and if they really have restored to you the absolute perfect eyesight of your early youth, you can keep them forever without one cent of pay, and

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your friends and neighbors, and speak a good word for them whenever you have the chance. Won't you help me introduce my wonderful **"Perfect Vision"** glasses in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write your name, address and age on the below four-dollar coupon at once, and this will entitle you to a pair of my famous **"Perfect Vision"** glasses absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

Write your name, address and age on the below coupon at once.

$4 DR. HAUX—The Spectacle Man—ST. LOUIS, MO. $4

I herewith enclose this four-dollar coupon, which you agreed in the above advertisement to accept in full and complete payment of a brand new pair of your famous "Perfect Vision" glasses, and I am certainly going to make you stick to that contract.

My age is.....

Name..... Postoffice.....

Rural Route and Box No..... State.....

$4 $4

98 cents Post Paid

Guaranteed 5 Years

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our cataloge of Elgin Watches we will send this expert watch by mail, post paid for ONLY 98 CENTS. Gentleman's size, high grade gold plate finish, 6 size dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this ad, as we will not send watch unless this ad accompanies the order. Send 98c today. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

African Drum Signals.

London Chronicle.

For centuries before Marconi wireless telegraph was known the mystery of swift communication has puzzled many civilized explorers of barbarian regions. In the heart of Africa a missionary discovered the methods of hollowing a large gourd, which was then dried, and roud it was stretched the skin of a kid, hard and thin as parchment. Beaten with a padded drumstick this instrument gives a soud which can be heard eight miles away. And each village contains the expert who can tap the message and send it on.

FREE TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL. We give a fine Eureka Camera complete outfit, plates, chemicals, etc., with full instructions. Just send your name and address, we send you 24 packages Gold Eye Needles. Sell 2 papers for 10c., giving a Thimble free. When sold send us the $1.20 and the Camera and complete outfit is yours. Address GLOBE CO., Dept. 233, Greenville, Pa.

Paint Without Oil

Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down Cost of Paint Seventy-five Per Cent.

A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes.

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., has discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He calls it Powderpaint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather proof, fire proof and as durable as oil paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Write to Mr. A. L. Rice, Manufr., 14 North St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a free trial package, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write today.

Declaration of War, 1682

London Chronicle.

THE "Corriere della Sera" reproduces the text of a document preserved in the state archives at Vienna, which reads strangely now—the declaration of war sent by Sultan Mehemet IV. to the Emperor Leopold in 1682. "Be it known to you, the successor of the Caesars, to the king of Poland and to your allies, that Mehemet, the glorious and omnipotent emperor of the east and west. . . . is about to invade your paltry territories. We shall bring 1,300,00 soldiers, on horse and foot, to era . . you utterly and lay waste all your domains. We command you to await . . r coming in your residence in Vienna, where it is o.r intention to have you bel.aded." The rest of the missive is devoted to a tirade against John . . . . . is promised a lingering death, preceded by elaborate and horrible tortures.

Frank Tilford has purchased near Lakewood, N. J., the largest poultry farm in the world—45,000 chickens—and his daughter, Miss Julia, society girl, will run it.

According to the statement of a professor in a German university the percentage of baldness among intellectual men is only two for musical men and five for writers and others.

T189624

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1913.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

The Necessity of Ads

"Money makes the mare go," and advertisements make the newspaper go. They are necessary to its existence. Without them the publisher would have to raise subscription rates beyond the reach of the average reader. The reader can help make a better and at the same time a cheaper Blade by patronizing those who advertise in its columns.

The good things people do are never considered interesting subjects for gossip.

The Ketchum-Quick marriage in Missouri almost slipped by us unnoticed.

Oregon's first woman mayor doubtless will get along all right if the men let her alone.

Many people who worry about the coming of the millennium do nothing to hurry it along.

Our President-elect is exhibiting a specimen of firm backbone. May it never grow weak.

Mr. Taft will occupy a chair at Yale—not a bench, as some frivolous-minded persons might imagine.

Vermont is going in for modern improvements. The state has substituted the electric chair for the gallows.

Governor Wilson steered the boat part of the way from Bermuda. And without any assistance from Mr. Bryan.

In Reno a divorce bill was filed and a decree granted on the same day. There appears to be no speed limit in that town.

The presidential chair, though quite large, will not be big enough for both Wilson and Bryan. This is offered as a prediction.

One doctor has discovered why men drink, but why they drink three or four times as much as they want is still an open question.

The estate of the late Mr. Harriman has dwindled to $70,000,000, and yet Mrs. Harriman cannot be numbered among the poor widows.

While some people pretend to be listening to your talk they are thinking only of what they are going to say when they get a chance.

Woman suffrage lost in Michigan, but the result was almost close enough to cry about, if that is the way suffragists express their emotions.

If Mr. Wilson succeeds in establishing peace among the Democrats the party will lose one of its chief attractions to those who love a fight.

St. Louis has started a movement to make funerals pleasant occasions. One would think much may depend on whose funeral it happens to be.

Will Carleton's poetry may not have pleased the critics, but he didn't write it for them. Probably if he had it wouldn't have pleased anybody else.

Somebody has been lax in his duty. We have not seen a picture of Nona of Avon, who is to be the White House cow under the Wilson administration.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan have had a conference. The one significant thing is that Mr. Bryan went to Trenton instead of Mr. Wilson going to Lincoln.

F. Hopkinson Smith believes Uncle Tom's Cabin has done more harm to the world than any book ever written. It surely has given us some bum street parades.

Whitelaw Reid and W. D. Howells were both graduates of a country newspaper office, a school where there are no professors to say foolish things for publication.

When the moral sensibilities of the leading citizen of a small town are shocked all the good people in the place consider it their duty to feel unspeakably horrified.

A Kansas City judge has ruled that three marriages are enough for a man and that four matrimonial experiences are ample for a woman. Women get the better of the decision, and yet some of them feel that they have no rights.

"Tell her she is a fool for having thirteen children," Mr. Morgan is said to have written concerning a washerwoman for whom he has just issued a $10,000 check. But of what use was it to say that after she had them? Mr. Morgan himself has declared that eggs cannot be unscrambled.

GREAT AMERICAN BUGABOO.

A matter of fifteen or twenty years ago, some newspaper man, or it may have been some statesman since lost to record, suddenly discovered that J. Pierpont Morgan was a menace. The country's attention being called to it, was generally admitted that J. P. was a menace. The press took it up passionately. Public speakers let go a new set of war whoops on the subject of menaces in general and the Menace of Morgan in particular. Around him political medicine dancers danced until you'd have thought—J. Peirpont would have been scared out of his boots and would have called in his old menace and canceled it.

But, it seems, Morgan is a very stubborn person. He paid no attention to the row. He just kept on menacing as if he liked it. If you look over his history of the last decade or so, you will discover that when he promoted the steel trust he was a menace. He took a hand in the combination of a string of fighting, squabbling, rebating railroads. He was a menace. He got up a merger, or a sort of an excuse of a merger, of the trans-Atlantic steamship companies. He was a menace. He went over to Europe and gobbled up a barn or two of art treasures that Europe was glad to have him gobble. He was a menace. He came back home and stopped a panic. He was a menace. He worked up a combination of banks and trust companies, with more interlocking directorates than there are straws in a haystack, all, as he said, for the purpose of guarding against panics. He was a menace. He went on the stand the other day and answered leading questions for four hours. He was a bigger menace than ever.

We think this is a very patient nation. It is well trained as a waiter. But if J. Pierpont Morgan doesn't cease to be a menace, as the newspapers and the patriots at Washington and the "money trust" probers aver he is, something is going to happen to him. There is nothing more calculated to arouse irritation than a threat that is never translated into action. A menace that will not some day do what is predicted for it is about as dignified as one of those black summer storms which cloud up to beat the band and then float away harmlessly into the next county. Morgan will have to do something awful soon or, first thing he knows, the people will reverse their opinion of him and call him a blessing. After all these years of enjoyment as the great American bugaboo, we're sure Morgan will hate that like sin.

THE SAME OLD SYSTEM.

The investigation of the "money trust" appears to be worth while in that a lot of facts, with which bankers have been familiar and which other business men know more or less vaguely, are being put into form available to the casual student and to those with curiosity sufficient to carry them through a Sahara of stuff as dry as a brick kiln.

But that much else is to be looked for from this inquiry may well be doubted in the light of banking history in America. The "money trust"—if there is such a thing—is the natural development of a currency system that consists of patches, scraps and makeshifts. It does little good to curse shrewd men for using the system for their profit and the increase of their power. It does less good to hunt down evidences of combinations of capital, of cliques among bankers, of strange relationships between industrial captains and financial cannibals, if, at the end, nothing at all is to be done to the patchwork system.

The need of reforming the currency methods was recognized everywhere when the panic of 1907 came on and threw the country into commercial and industrial chaos. That was five years ago and something more. It seems to us scarcely likely that congress would undertake sincere reform of the currency in a period of prosperity if congress would decline to do the thing when its necessity appeared imperative.

COMING MASTERS.

When the historian of the generation yet unborn shall undertake to trace the beginning of some great and very wonderful movement for the betterment of mankind, we believe he will get back to the Boy Scouts and to the Boy Corn-Growers. In the one he will find the birth of a new sense of self-denial, a new form of conscience, active, virile, compelling. In the other he will find the creative sense marvelously developed, strong, patient and so persevering that the mountain-high barriers which turned their fathers back will be no larger than molehills to them. Working together, these clear-eyed and fine tempered men who are to come out of city streets and the corn fields may make a new nation—for all we know, a new race.

WALKING FOR VOTES.

The suffragists who have been walking from New York to Albany did not undertake the "stunt" for the purpose of publicity, we believe. Nor were they after exercise, nor particularly interested in the scenery which is more or less famous in those parts where the smoke of the brick-kilns does not overlie the landscape, the chimneys of the electric works and the laundry machine factories do not intrude and the walls of a state penitentiary dampen the spirit.

The suffragists have gone afoot because there is a vague idea in the human mind that if you walk when you don't have to your performance attains thereby an almost religious dignity. There are railroads, trolley cars, steamboats, schooners, luggers and, in season, canal boats which will carry the traveler safely from New York to Albany. But such methods of transportation fail to carry the solemn and impressive significance that walking does. Crawling on hands and knees will not answer the purpose, though it might seem so since pleading is supposed to succeed better when that attitude is assumed. Riding bicycles is scorned, being out of fashion with fashionable folk. And as for wheeling barrows through Poughkeepsie and Kinderhook, the suffragists taking turns at the barrow handles, that hasn't even been considered. The only way was to tramp it.

Walking is good for muscle. It is said to aid digestion. But why should it be thought efficient in promoting votes for women? We don't know. And we doubt the walkers do. The faith in the ability of blisters to overcome difficulties is like that simple faith we poor have that we can spend our money better than the rich do—faith distinguishable mostly for its harmlessness.

ROADSIDE ORCHARDS.

One of the rural periodicals meeting the demands of city dwellers has had two or three interesting articles about roadside fruit growing.

A German principality has planted miles and miles of fruit-producing trees along the highways, deriving therefrom revenue that serves appreciably to lighten the burdens of taxation. This strikes our American observer, writing for the periodical aforementioned, as a very practical bit of public work and he can see only waste in the long reaches of ragweed embroidered roads in this country, scarcely a grain of utility in the elm-shaded sides of other pikes and lanes.

The idea would be a good one in the United States, without doubt, if it did not come into conflict with a time-honored American tradition. In this country of the free, any property in the rural districts is the property of anyone so long as the farmer is not in sight, and sometimes not even then unless he has a gun in the crook of his arm. It is a crime to steal apples from the grocer. But it is a smart trick to steal apples from the farmer. If a man climbed a fence in the city and cut across a flowerbed, he'd be before the judge in an hour. But in the country, a field of growing grain is your pathway if you prefer it to the dusty road.

What would be the value of 50 miles of fruit trees along an American roadside? You couldn't measure it in revenue to the state, because there would be no revenue. Once the trees came into bearing, pedestrians would all be expert climbers and the equipment of every automobile would be increased by at least one bushel basket.

THE PATRONAGE PROBLEM.

Before his election, Mr. Wilson probably thought that his hardest job would be that of getting a satisfactory tariff law enacted, or moulding the anti-trust laws into some form that would make them neither jests nor barriers to commercial progress. If he were asked now for a private opinion as to what he considered his toughest job, he would surely say it was the bestowal of patronage.

After fifteen years, most of us have forgotten the troubles and perplexities which beset the President who had to divide among the faithful the offices lately in the possession of the Democratic party. Mr. McKinley performed the task with rare judgment and shrewdness and suffered remarkably little because of the heartburnings and animosities which couldn't be avoided. His predecessor, however, was far less fortunate. Mr. Cleveland nearly succumbed to nervous prostration because of the weariness of listening to delegations, the time given to consideration of party claimants the weighing of capabilities and the circumventing of pitfalls and snares that faction leaders, without ruth or conscience, would have led him into if only their own ends were accomplished thereby.

Here will be one of Mr. Wilson's most decisive tests. The way he bestows the patronage at his command may be even less important in the public view than the time he gives patronage hunters and the energy and patience of which he lets them sap him.

POOR AIM.

The most significant thing about the attempt to assassinate the viceroy of India was that the assassin's aim was poor.

About five years ago the British possessions in the Far East were torn and racked by movements which had for their purpose the banishment of the European overlords and the establishment of government by native rule only. There were a number of outbreaks, a number of murders. Seditious papers were suppressed and their editors sent to jail. A university thought to be the harbor of a conspiracy against the foreign masters was raided, students were arrested and punished, and the institution was closed. England's most distinguished soldier was put at the task of stamping out the rebellion and he seemed to have done his task well. For, in spite of the vast population, the whiphand was still English. In spite of the general dislike of the Britons, no large and concerted movement could be promoted for their overthrow. In spite of the fact that the natives knew how strong they were as compared with their sovereigns, the sovereigns continued to rule. The spirit of organization was lacking. The will to dare was not there. The sight was to see what blow would be the most deadly was wanting.

The attempt on the life of the viceroy was in keeping with the whole patriotic agitation in India. Desire was there, but not the capacity to aim well.

DEMOCRACY'S MISSTEP.

By reducing the number of appointive offices and increasing the number of elective offices, it was thought that voters would obtain a firmer grasp upon the throttle of government. The idea was to take from individuals power that they abused. But at this same time it does not appear that the idea occurred to anyone that the multiplication of elective offices would lead to a weakening of popular control of government, nor to its strengthening.

It is proposed to rectify the mistakes into which this error has led nearly every state, county and municipality in the country by adopting the principles of the Short Ballot. The fundamental arguments for this doctrine were set forth very clearly by Colonel Roosevelt in his "Confession of Faith" at Columbus. "You cannot get good service from the public servant," said he, "if you cannot see him, and there is no more effective way of hiding him than by mixing him up with a multitude of others so that they are none of them important enough to catch the eye of the average workaday citizen."

By cutting down the appointive power attached to a few offices it was hoped to do away with an abuse grown intolerable. What was really done was to throw the doors open to a new set of abuses. By the Short Ballot a restoration is not proposed, but an entire new deal—in which a heavy burden of responsibility is placed on the appointive power while intelligent voting on the part of the average workaday citizen is immeasurably enhanced.

THE PROTEST AGAINST WAR.

The general strike of the French workingman as a protest against war would have counted for more and would have impressed the world more if their country stood higher in point of war strength. Two countries have larger armies and a third probably distances France in the matter of military efficiency. She stands fourth in naval prowess. She is a follower, not a leader, in keeping up the military institution.

It would be a different thing if the German workers were to protest in a body against war. For Germany is the military pacemaker. She maintains the largest army of all. In the last few years she has builded warships so fast that, from a nation of inferior strength, she now challenges the biggest navy of all. What she does in the way of military expenditures, other nations feel they must also do so far as their funds will let them. The press of Germany talks of plans of conquest. The officers of army and navy drink to "the day," meaning the day war will be declared against Britain. Public speakers discuss the "impudence of the Monroe Doctrine" and professors of economics write books about the inevitable necessity for an expansion of German territory in order that the increasing population may be cared for. German Socialists rant against militarism in their conventions and vote for military appropriations in the Reichstag. Germany is responsible for the vast enlargement of armaments, for none of the large nations with a particle of jealousy as to national integrity dare lag for behind.

Yet the protest of French labor ought not to be counted as lost entirely. Anti-militarism is not lacking across the border and German workingmen may, in time, do something of the sort themselves. That would be more calculated to lighten the burden of national defenses than forty million tons of pamphlets from the presses of peace societies. The power is there if only it can be exercised.

"TURKISH ATROCITIES."

The axiom about all's being fair in war has been applied with new force by the victors in Macedonia.

When the Bulgarians marched over the line, the native population fled before them. As the Bulgarians came to the abandoned villages they burned them, leaving no protection for sharpshooters and mine-layers and spies. It was a simple war measure.

But the Bulgarians were not inclined to leave the measure a simple one. They took photographs of the burning villages and distributed copies among the correspondents who, on Bulgarian information, labeled them "examples of Turkish atrocity." They have been reproduced as such and the general impression has been made out that the Turks did this business out of pure viciousness and cruelty.

In the matter of wiliness, the Turks have held no monopoly in the Balkans.

HAVING A GOOD TIME.

The heiress to an estate of $12,000,000 who has spent a million of it in six months, says:

"I am going to have the very best sort of a good time, for what is money if it is not to give an access to real enjoyment of life? I have already started to have my good time. I'm having it and I'm going to have still more of it."

Most of us would like to have a lot of millions. Yet most of us would find little pleasure in spending it with a shovel. The lady thinks she's having a good time. The bigger part of the rest of the world would think her kind of a good time stupid or foolish. Thus this lady can ride about the country in a $40,000 private car and lug a ton or two of gold and silverware, a number of pieces of costly furniture and a $100,000 wardrobe along with her and be greeted only with smiles. There are heaps of people with more money who aren't nearly so fortunate.

Nobody ever hears J. Pierpont Morgan growling about the burden of wealth.

A Poem Worth While

Armistice.

You can bid the thunder of guns be still,
You can bid the soldiers take
A sullen respite on rampart heights;
Can you bid the dead awake?

You can halt the march of the Bulgar van,
You can play on a garrison's fears
While diplomats talk in a heated room;
Can you dry a mother's tears?

You can stop the charge of maddened men
Though their bloodshot eyes be turned
With desperate hate toward an enemy's camp;
Can you build where a village burned?

You can order a regiment shoulder arms,
You can bid the bayonets stack
While envoys haggle over a map;
Can you order the cholera back?

—Elias Liebermann.

Opinions of the People

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Blade desires to give its readers space in which they may express their opinions on various subjects of interest—topics of the day. In this way—if those who have interesting ideas will send them addressed EDITOR WEEKLY BLADE—it is hoped soon to have a very entertaining column appearing each week on this page. If you have an opinion that is worth printing get it out of your system at once. Full names and addresses must accompany communications, but if any person does not desire his own name used he can accompany it with a pen name. Come on in—don't be afraid.

A Laborer's Letter.

Editor Blade—Writing for the press, I am aware that I address a large and critical audience, and I do so with some misgiving as to results. This goes out from the midst of an extensive bituminous coal field, and it is in regard to the laborers employed in this industry that I wish to write. I have been a wage-earner all my life and I do not feel the least degree of egotism in saying I am familiar with every phase of the wage-earner's life, his wants, his virtues and, alas, his faults. Add to this some 40 odd years on which to draw by way of comparison, and I think I have a pretty strong bid for credence.

The wage-earner is a proposition the public will not entirely ignore, but for information concerning him they look to the wrong source. They have become accustomed to think that anything pertaining to him—his condition, needs, etc., in order to be reliable, must either come from a committee chamber, or from the office of some metropolitan newspaper. This being laboriously scribbled with a lead pencil and going to them from the fireside of a laborer and wage-earner, no doubt will not attract the attention it would had it cost the nation a few fortunes to learn the facts it contains.

I have read many articles bearing on the conditions of the wage-earner, but I do not recall one that impressed me with the idea that the writer had gained his knowledge by actual contact—by experience. Generally speaking, the laboring man's condition is pictured as a pitiable one indeed. He is either cringing at the feet of his master, imploring a crust of bread for his sick wife and hungry children, or else he is stealthily lurking in the shadow of a box car, waiting for a chance to thrust a dagger into his master's back. His poor, emaciated, heart-broken wife is supposed to be lying sick upon a pallet of sodden straw, or else with an old striped shawl pinned over her head, she is bending over the washtub at the back of an old dilapidated shanty. Such a picture. And how far from true. Such might have been the case some place and at sometime, but never in this country in my day.

But there are writers and speakers busily employed today in trying to make these people believe such is the case now with them, and many of them actually seem to believe it. There is some excuse for the ignorance of the committee and the city editor on this subject, for they have no personal knowledge; but for these agitators there is none—they know better. I have seen a public speaker visit a mining town and stop at the home of a miner about on an average with his fellows. While waiting for supper he sat in a cozy little parlor and listened while the mistress performed on the organ. When supper was called he walked into a well-appointed dining room and partook of a supper good enough and nice enough to satisfy any Christian. After the lecture he returned and slept on as good, nice and comfortable bed as he had ever used in his life. But in his lecture he spent two hours in showing those very same people that, under existing conditions, they could not possibly supply their families with the barest necessities of life, and that the hovels in which they lived were not fit to house hogs or sheep. And the worst part of it is, most of them went away believing it.

If such men as this would only use their influence and their powers in showing these laborers the great advantages they now have, and in urging them to habits of economy and thrift, what a happy, contented and prosperous class of wage-earners our country would soon have!

The main object of my letter is to try to induce others more talented and influential than myself to make an effort to counteract these evils.

The miner, like every other laborer, is a poor man. If he were not, why should he be a miner? "They that are whole need not a physician." But his condition is far from deplorable. True, he sometimes has hard times for a season, for, no matter what may be the volume of his earnings, he almost invariably spends it as fast as he earns it, and is seldom able to stand two weeks of sickness or enforced idleness without help. He is a confirmed spendthrift, and until he is cured of this nothing will add to his material prosperity. He is neither the martyr described by some nor the ruffian described by others. As a class, they are clean, industrious, kind-hearted and charitable, and in their relations to each other, honest and just. But they are of a hot, restless and dissatisfied temperament. They do not deny the necessity of some form of government, but deep in their hearts they have little sympathy for ours. They regard all rich men as their enemies, banded together for the sole purpose of keeping them down, and all laws as being enacted expressly for the benefit of the rich and the oppression of the poor. Their reasoning is all irrational and superficial. The only redemption they see for the wage-earner is either in an increase in his wages or a shorter day's work, and he is rather inclined to think both would be best. The idea of making a better use of the advantages he already has never crosses his mind. What fertile soil in which to drop the seeds of anarchy!

I have nothing whatever to do with politics or politicians and I have not voted in a political election for many long years. I am truly interested in the uplifting and general betterment of the condition of my fellow laborers, but I do not look to politics to accomplish this end. I strive to induce my fellows to make a better use of the advantages they already have. The man who cannot make an intelligent use of one dollar would not be benefited by two. We are living in a country, and in a part of the country, the most highly favored of any the sun shines on. Work is so plentiful that no ablebodied man, willing to work, need be without a job and wages are far better than I have ever known before. With us, the increased cost of living is more of a "straw man" than anything else. True, the cost of most of the necessaries of life has increased considerably in the last few years, but not at all in proportion to the increased wages. And while land and building material can hardly be called cheap, they are not so high but any man may, by a short period of sensible economy, own a little home of his own.

In this letter I have dealt with the miner as a class and it must be understood that there are some few exceptions. These are valuable to me and may be used at some future time to prove that, even under existing conditions, the miner could, with proper economy and foresight, materially improve his circumstances.—Sylvester Seymour, Gus, Ky.

The Orange Show.

The one big event of the Pacific Coast the coming winter will be the Third National Orange show which will be held in San Bernardino, Cal., February 17 to 22—just at the time when thousands of eastern people will be touring the land of eternal flowers.

California's great citrus fruit industry in which there is invested more than $500,000,000 will be shown in its every detail at the National Orange show—the irrigation methods, the growing of the fruit, the harvesting and marketing, while not least will be the thousands of boxes of premium fruit on display, and woven into elaborate and intricate designs that excite the admiration and curiosity of every visitor.

San Bernardino is the home of the National Orange show because it is located in the heart of the greatest orange growing district in the world. The show has become an annual affair and the marvelous beauty of the displays made by the growers from this and other states where citrus fruits are produced, present a spectacle that cannot be duplicated anywhere in the world.

Tourists coming to California the coming winter can secure stopovers at San Bernardino to see the National Orange show.

Sunday School

MAKING ROOM FOR GREAT IDEA

International Sunday School Lesson for January 5 Is, "The Creation." Gen. 1-2:3.

By William T. Ellis.

It is easier to lift a ten-ton block of marble to the top of a 20-story building than it is to elevate the thinking of some persons by even a few degrees. Most of us prove that we are little folk by the way we think mostly of little things. We have so habituated our brains to dealing in small parcels that they can scarcely lift a heavy load. "He said," and "she said," and "she wore". These are the phrases that float into our ears as we pass through the thronging ways of life; and they register the calibre of people's minds. The pettiness of fashions and looks and play and gossip hold most of us in thrall. Let us at least be big enough to own up that we are little folk.

Which means that we have not come up to specifications. God never meant man to be so small. He alone of all animals is made to walk up right, with his face to the sky. In every human being inheres the possibilities of a diviner measure of life. Man was made to think God's thoughts after Him. And by providence and by revelation the Lord has been trying to elevate up to a truer apprehension of our possibilities. We have a great Creator, who has set us in a great world, and given us great capacities. The Book that best shows His mind is on a lofty plane, and study of it produces noble-mindedness. The majestic opening of the inspired record, which the Sunday Schools study today, should chasten and exalt the thinking of every reader. Let us study afresh this matchless summary of the creation.

"In the Beginning."

Why bother to read so old-fashioned a book as the Bible when the sporting page of the newspaper, and the five-cent magazine of get-rich-without-work stories, and the fiction that we would not want our mothers to read, lies at our hand? It is not "smart" to be religious.

A sufficient reason for turning one's thoughts to the sublime narrative of beginnings is that it expands one's thought power. The effect would be wholesome if our day, with all its devotion to the ephemeral, could contemplate that remote period when nothing that now is was. Salutary results would follow an attempt to consider chaos.

As Carlyle said, "The universe is the realized thought of God." Amid the silences of the vast void, amid the darkness of the night that preceded the sun, amid the unthinkable formlessness of a universe in which all things were without form, it is easy to conceive of a supernatural, eternal, self-existing and all-controlling Creator. As Addison's noble lines testify:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim."

The God in a Box.

One day in rural Japan, I saw an idol festival, wherein a Shinto ark was carried in procession. A Japanese who had been in Hawaii and could speak some English, volunteered to me the explanation, "God in box." The incident recurs in connection with the old question, "Is your God a big God or a little god?" Do you worship a petty man-made diety, or is the Creator of the universe your God?

That is the most pertinent question as we stand in the presence of the first chapter of Genesis. In an earlier day, before we could read the stately steppings of the Creator in the hills and valleys, in the minerals under the earth, and in whole continents and seas and stars, we held a little and literal interpretation of this story. We accepted Bishop Ussher's chronology, which fixed the date of Creation at 4000 B. C., as being as true as the text of Genesis itself. We could not think of any other kind of day than our kind; and so we mechanically compressed the processes of creation, which consumed unmeasured millions of years, into a week of six days such as our clocks measure. In all our theology we accepted our own trivial standards as the ultimate. Then we called science "goddesses," not seeing that within the broad lines of the creation story—necessarily broad for the centuries which knew naught of geology or astronomy—lies space for all the testimony of science.

Lord Kelvin's Testimony.

In testimony to his own declaration that "Scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of creative power," the great scientist, Lord Kelvin, said, "Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed the grass and flowers which we saw around us, grew by mere chemical forces. He answered, 'No, no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.'" The quotation suggests the familiar words of Bacon. "A little natural philosophy, and the first entrance into it, doth dispose the opinion to atheism, but much natural philosophy, and wading deep into it, will bring about men's minds to religion."

There is no real conflict between revelation and science. The Genesis' story could not, in the very nature of the case, be a detailed scientific treatise, incomprehensible to mankind at the time it was written. But it is far more. It is a statement of the changeless verities that lie behind and animate all scientific teaching. What may be comprehended in the grand simplicity of the Bible record is pointed out by Tarbell's Teachers' Guide:

"'He made the stars also.' Five little words; and only two words in the Hebrew. That is all we are told of the mighty universe of stars. We are told nothing of the far-stretching limits of nebular masses, with their problems unsolved and perhaps insolvable; nothing of the deep silence and solitude, the immeasurable vastness of inter-steller space; nothing of those stupendous systems of star on star moving in orbits of compexity beyond the keenest mathematician's skill, yet all obedient to the eternal and immutable laws of motion and of energy; nothing of those majestic stars beside which even the sun is but an atom for magnitude and but a blackness for light; nothing of the inconceivable swiftness of the light itself that streams forth into all space and in all directions from every star and sun and planet in the sky, 12,000,000 miles a minute and even so takes centuries to reach us here."

A Time to Walk Softly.

The yellow scientist has been heard of late talking about "spontaneous generation of life." Given some salts and gelatine, he says, and it is possible to create life. When pressed, he admits that he has not really created life, but he is confident. We shall be ready to listen to the learned gentleman when he comes forward bringing so much as a one-eyed tadpole or a rain-barrel wiggle-tail which he has caused to grow from dead substances.

In the meantime, most of us will reverently stand uncovered before the mystery of creation, a mystery as marvellous in the case of the last child born since these words left the press as it was in the making a sentiment being of the first man, and we shall cry, "In the beginning, God." That is as far as most of us can go. We do not know the how or when of creation, but we believe that God was there. We are awed by the greatness of the thought of an omnipotent and eternally-existent Creator. That our poor minds can even measurably entertain the thought of an infinite God is to us satisfactory evidence that we are born from above, for this capacity is a godlike trait, inherited from the Father in heaven.

The Mysteries of Today.

One of many reasons why the Genesis record should not have the full details of the creation processes is that the Creator is still at work. God's task is not yet done. He is still revealing the uses and character of the universe which He established in the unmeasured eons past. We read the day's news that has come by wireless; we listen to our own voice in the phonograph; we see through solid substances by the X-ray; we behold the wonders of radium; we see airships sailing amid the clouds above us, and submarine vessels diving into the water below us; and we are reminded to beware of final judgments. God's workday is not yet over. His quitting hour has not yet struck.

So we conclude, as we commended, with the one essential truth; "In the beginning, God." He will also be at the ending of this material universe. And He is overruling all that lies between these two inscrutable points. So we reverently study the greatest thought that mortal mind can entertain—the thought of a Creator who is also a Providence, a Sovereign and a Father.

Fanaticism Powerless

W. T. Ellis in January Century.

THE possibility that the Green Flag of the Prophet may be lifted by the Sultan of Turkey, who is invested with dread dignity as the successor of Mohammed, always excites comment when the Turk is at war with the Frank. But the magic phrase, "a holy war," bears examination no better than the generalization called "the Oriental mind," writes William T. Ellis in the January Century. Italy has just proved in Tripoli that fanaticism hurls itself in vain against modern machine guns, and the forces upon which the leaders of a "jehad," or holy war, can rely, are, except in the case of Turkey itself, wholly unorganized along modern military lines. Even the Arabs' immemorial maneuver of striking a swift blow and then retiring to the fastnesses of the oases is thwarted by the scouting aeroplane. Mobs cannot fight armies. In the old rush of spearsmen and swordsmen and bowmen the casualties were comparatively so few that the wounded might be carried away or left behind. Modern weapons do a wholesale business; they are to the old ways as the steam reaper to the sickle.

Another factor, unheeded by the romantic, which time has injected into any possible conflict between the followers of the Prophet and the civilized powers is that of a navy. The recent experience of Turkey with Italy is sufficient commentary upon this. An armed rising of all Islam against all Christendom is utterly impossible. Even in India the unorganized, undrilled, unarmed and scattered Moslems, numerous as they are, could not hope to prevail against the British troops.

VARIETIES

Tests by French naval officers have indicated that the waves in wireless telegraphy travel at a rate of nearly 200,0000 miles a second.

A wireless message sent out by an operator in Persia recently was heard distinctly on a ship near Melbourne, more than 5,200 miles distant.

Atlanta is to have a clubhouse exclusively for women if all the feminine organizations of the city can be got to co-operate and to agree on plans.

An ounce of common soda dissolved in three or four ounces of vinegar will cleanse iron rust and calcium deposits from glass tubes of water gauges.

German distillers produced nearly 4,000,000 gallons of pure alcohol during the nine months ending with June, the smallest quantity for several years.

Dr. W. J. Morgan is in New York advocating a world's fair to be held on the sites of Tyre and Sidon to aid in the rejuvenation of the Holy Land.

Many advantages are claimed by the New York inventor of an automobile tire having a vacuum chamber running through it instead of being pneumatic.

Drillers for water at Boyle and Duncan avenues, St. Louis, the other day struck a gas well, which will be utilized by a brewery plant which owns the site.

Astronomers in America are very much interested in the proposed establishment of an astronomical observatory on Grouse mountain, British Columbia.

A landlord at Sartouville, near Paris, says the Matin, has offered to let a three-roomed cottage at a rental of $50 a year, with a reduction of $2 for every child in the family.

The Methodist Episcopal denomination expects to raise and spend on its work in the next four years $4,265,000, of which sum $3,400,000 is to go to home and foreign missions.

Miss Kate Barnard will continue her work in the interests of men in convict mines and work places, in which she has become interested as commissioner of charities in Oklahoma.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is planning the erection of a psychological laboratory, which will be one of the most remarkable in the world. The purpose is to save girls from crime.

An English firm has brought out a new luminous varnish for automobiles, which is said to render a car, without being fitted with lamps, visible for a long distance on a dark night.

German women have formed housewives' associations, based on the principle of co-operation between the housewives of town and country. Among other things they maintain market halls.

A course in penal studies was recently instituted by the Unversity of Montpelier, France. Physicians, publicists, lawyers, police and court officials were among those who enrolled for the course.

The Progressive Economic Club is the name of a new organization in New York that wants a new city market, which, it is estimated, will cost $7,000,000 and will benefit the little as well as the big consumer.

So many cases of ptomaine poisoning have occurred in France from eating stale oysters, or those grown in water containing sewage, that consumers are very critical about shellfish which have come a long distance.

All our coffee must be purchased outside of this country, but this does not deter the American public from using 870,000,000 pounds of it every year, or 9¼ pounds for each man, woman and child in the country.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman says that the woman of 50 has plenty of work to do in this world. She had done her own housekeeping and now she can branch out into the world and give it the benefit of her experience.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, after a selling career of more than a decade, has recently gone to a 47th edition. More than half a million copies altogether of this book have been sold in America and England.

Montenegrins are generous, hospitable and chivalrous. They show their women deference, although not treating them as equals. They may exact much labor from their wives, but they would not raise a weapon against them.

The three big American electrical corporations, according to a trade journal, employ nearly 95,000 persons, and have a weekly pay roll of nearly $1,300,000 at present—the highest figure ever attained so far.

Next year the new president of France will be elected. When the time arrives, which happens once in seven years, the two houses get together and indicate their choice in secret ballot. This does away with a lot of popular enthusiasm.

New York City has 750 hotels—not counting the so-called Raines law hotels—and they are said to be able to accommodate 350,000 persons. An exchange, in recording this fact, remarks that these hotels could quarter the entire standing army of Great Britain.

Actresses are commonly reputed to wear "paste" jewelry on the stage. That some of them wear genuine diamonds, however, is attested by the New York custom house, which recently assessed the gems of an incoming French actress at $327,000.

The crossin gof the Delaware River by Washington just before the battle of Trenton, which was one of the turning points of the revolution, is to be commemorated by the purchase of the property on which the landing was made, and its use as a public park.

Chile yields to no other country in the extent of her unbroken coast line, which extends from Peru to Cape Horn, a distance of about 4,000 miles. The Chilean government is now engaged in making this great coast safe for mariners by erecting lighthouses, at dangerous points, along its entire length.

There were flying fish ages before there were birds. Flying fishes, say the folk about southern seas, are the perfection of all eating fish—as solid as beef, but tender and melting as a banana. Fliers so glut the watchs windwardwise that they are used as manure in Barbados.

The steady advance of surgery in the treatment of wounds received in warfare is shown in the statistics of three wars. In the American civil war the mortality of the wounded was 13.2 per cent; in the Franco-Prussian war, 11 per cent; in the Russo-Japanese war, 5 per cent.

Andrew D. White's 80th birthday, celebrated recently, was marked by messages of congratulation from all parts of the world. Among them was one from the German emperor, who formed a strong attachment for Dr. White when he was the American ambassador at Berlin.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

Pin Money Suggestions

Dear Friends of the Pin Money Corner—A great deal is said today about the superfluous woman, the woman who seems to have no place in the world, but is there such a being? Or has she merely not found her place? I have in mind such a woman. She is now old and poor and in feeble health. In all her long life she has never assumed any definite burden; has not walked up and shaken hands with the difficulties as they presented themselves, but has tried to elude them by shirking them. Now they all in effect, crush her under, for she did not, when her father lost his business hold, feel her responsibility as a wage earner for the home. She could have taught school, for she had brains and as much health as have many women who teach. But she sat down and cried softly to herself, and wondered what they would all do after they lost their home. They did lose it, and she thereafter lost her good parents, and now lives miserably because her habit of inactivity has grown with the years, until she is too indolent to keep her surroundings clean. She did not expect, as a young girl, well cared for in a luxurious home, to end her days in a squalid one; and she need not have done so, had she not been a shirk.

If she had done the duty that lay next at hand, had done it cheerfully and bravely, she would have formed her character to withstand these later annoyances. It would have been her pleasure to keep her cottage clean, to have received her friends, and to have done what her hands found to do. As it is, she is a misfit, a blot on the domestic landscape, an unwomanly woman. She has had comparative ease of body, but a tortured, restless mind, and an undeveloped soul.

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Needless to say there are no shirks in the Peace Page; everybody who appears here wants either to help herself or somebody else, or both, and it is the beautiful spirit of thrift and helpfulness that makes the world move cheerily. But you have a duty to the shirk. Make her work. Induce her to action, for in activity lies happiness.

In England the superfluous woman exists in even greater numbers than in the United States, and her problem has been an even more serious one, owing to the myriad prejudices and precedents with which the English are wont to hedge about their commercial, social and industrial life.

So the English woman has taken to gardening. Always an enthusiast in the realm of horticulture, it is only within the last few years that she has taken it up as a profession. And already she has won signal success, finding the new method of earning a living both satisfactory and remunerative.

Both as workers in home gardens and as teachers of gardening combined with nature study in schools there is a growing demand for women's services. Several of the great English estates have women as head gardeners, though of course this is a higher branch of the work than the average woman can hope to aspire to.

But there is nothing in gardening that a woman can't do. Even the rougher work is not too severe upon her, and in the lighter tasks, such as weeding and pruning, she excels her masculine competitors. Her natural inclination, however, is generally in the direction of planning and improving, and in this she easily leads the field.

Market gardening has attracted many of the English women, who have entered this branch of endeavor, but for this some capital is required, and nursery gardening has the same drawback. But what many have found most profitable, and at the same time most pleasant in its nature, is specializing in violets or some other popular flower.

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Two women may go into partnership to run a little violet farm and be assured that they can make a good annual income. On the other hand, as is now being done in England, attention may be given to the development of the making of perfumes as an industry of more than pigmy proportions.

Then there is the French intensive gardening, which, however, requires more technical and expert information than the average woman without means can readily obtain. Of course it goes without saying that some study—the more the better—should be made of the science of gardening before it is engaged in, but this can be gained in a dozen different ways.

Naturally it should be begun in a small way at first until certain of the prime essentials of the work are understood, but this may be done before and after working hours. A simple knowledge of botany is also an invaluable asset.

In England many schools where the science of gardening and as an art is taught have been established, and it would be a splendid thing if several could be founded here, where girls who would be compelled eventually to earn their own living might learn the business thoroughly.

Jobbing gardening has proved most profitable for the English women and is perhaps one of the best branches of the work to enter, in that it requires little or no capital to begin. The first object of the work is to take town and suburban gardens and attend to their care and upkeep precisely as does the nursery man's jobber, but to improve their conditions and develop their possibilities as he generally is not able to do.

And here is a field where the American woman, once she has mastered some of the details of the gardener's art, would be generally successful. She could put her natural taste into practical service, maintain her health and have for herself a comfortable income.

It may be that the suggestion will be made use of by some member of the class unjustly dubbed "superfluous women."

• • •

"Dorothy had never expected to be obliged to work, and when her father told her that she must earn her own pin-money one winter she was in despair," says the Ladies' Home Journal.

"I could wield a hatchet as gracefully as a needle, and know as much about an aeroplane as a cookstove," she wailed in the ear of her chum brother.

"Why don't you find a sale for your posters? Those you made for our basketball game last year were all right, Dot."

And that was how the idea originated.

For several days Dorothy was hard at work with heavy cardboard, paste, scissors, India ink, and quantities of pictures, which she always saved herself and begged from her friends.

The following week she sent sample posters to the Young men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, to the various clubs and societies in the city, and to the schools and churches, with a note announcing her readiness to make posters to order, and stating prices, which ranged all the way from 25 cents to $2.

One brilliant red card decorated with the head of a beautiful girl, so carefully pasted on that it seemed at a distance to be hand painted, was exceedingly attractive and sold for 75 cents. A more elaborate poster announcing a gymnasium exhibition, with Old English lettering and pen-and-ink sketches of dumb-bells, Indian clubs and basketballs, was easily worth $2.

The chum brother gladly delivered the cards, and the work was so pleasant that the girl gave it up reluctantly when the necessity for it no longer existed.—Martha Holden.

REQUEST ANSWERED

Mock Lemon Pie—Either one or two eggs may be used and one or both whites may be used in the filling or in the meringue, which may be omitted for the plain "hurry up" pie. It is very nice with one egg as follows: Beat the yolk and one cup of sugar mixed with two rounding spoonfuls of corn starch and butter the size of an egg, also one-fourth cupful of good fruit vinegar. Mix thoroughly and add one large cupful of hot water. This should be mixed in the vessel in which it is to be cooked. Cook a few moments, stirring well. Let cool slightly and add one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Mix and spread evenly in crusts baked on an inverted pie tin. Meringue, if used, is made by beating the white of one egg until stiff and adding one heaping tablespoonful of powdered or granulated sugar. Brown in oven slightly.—Ida Vencil, Ohio.

A POPULAR LITERARY WOMAN AT WORK

Mrs. Corra Harris, the author, was born at Farm Hill, Georgia, March 17, 1869. She was the daughter of Tinsley Rucker. In 1887 she married the Rev. L. H. Harris, who died in 1910. Mrs. Harris began writing stories for magazines in 1899, since which time she has produced three popular novels—"A Circuit Rider's Wife," "Eve's Second Husband" and "The Recording Angel." The latter is a clever tale of the Georgia hills. These stories have won for their author a large audience. Mrs. Harris is a Methodist.

MERRY - GO - ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the People you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

MESSAGE FOR THE NEW YEAR

The old year is softly dying. We have listened to the joy of gladness ringing out the false and the untrue, ringing in glad anthems of joy and peace. Today we stand at the threshold of a New Year, where we can take a retrospective view of the past, and look expectantly into the future. We are hastening with eager feet to enter the open portals, in pleasant anticipation of the beauties, successes and victories which may unfold to view. Beyond are the fair fields of endeavor and promise, filled with golden opportunities, where flowers of hope ever blossom to brighten the way. Some will tread a smooth and shining pathway, others meet with mountains of difficulty and despair; but all pressing on to some goal, guided by the same unerring Pilot.

With a goodly inheritance of love, hope and faith, we begin the onward march, and though shadows fall across the way, they cannot make all dark, where these abound. All cannot live in a hazy, unreal atmosphere. Life is a practical business. Looking out on the great harvest fields, one may see much gleaning to be done. Some will gather the roses; while others glean among the briars, but all intent on the joys of reaping. High aim, concentration of thought, and perseverance are the keys which unlock the doors of success, and pave the way to victory.

But no matter how swiftly the seasons roll, there is time for manifold deeds of benevolence and charity, time to lighten someone's burden, to rescue the perishing, lift up the fallen, and time each day to brighten some darkened sphere of life. Begin the journey aright. Lowell says, "Not failure, but low aim, is crime." We should all remember as we onward go, to scatter not thorns, but roses for our reaping by and by. Then when our year's work shall have ended and the peaceful close draws nigh, each may bring into the harvest bright golden sheaves, and receive the glad recompense which is the reward of all the faithful.—Nannie Hamm.

FOR A WINTRY DAY

Dear Merry Go Rounds—There has been some delay in writing as requested. Sorrow for the death of Elizabeth, and activity in getting "Peaceful Home" in proper shape. Years of travel to pass out for awhile of home comforts. Just now I am sitting on the veranda of a cozy home near one of Folorida's energetic villages, surrounded by flowers and trees, etc. It is very pleasant. The mocking birds in the fine old live oak trees are singing their songs of joy. An occasional auto, whizzing by across the road, fine luscious strawberries all the way from the blossom to the full ripe berry, truly this is a glorious world at times. Good health, a loving wife, a fine home, these indeed are compensations of life. But here comes a company to go fishing at a lake a few miles distant. Will we go along? Well, the wife must be consulted first. Yes, she says, as soon as a lunch can be put up and a change of dress made. So this letter must be finished while that is done and the car is brought around. What fish will we catch? Perch, black bass and maybe have a little fun with a 'gator. Frying pans and lard we take along for a fish fry;—a gun, as a matter of course, to get a turkey or deer, wild cat or some other denizen of the woods. Ah! here comes some others. What now? Take the preacher along? Oh, yes, they can crowd in your car. Don't say no! And the tents, for we will camp out tonight, and the dogs to keep of varmints. Hope all the M. G. R.'s are having a good time.—Florida Old Man.

AN ANCIENT LANDMARK

In response to your request for views of scenery I will send a view of a standing rock in the Susquehanna river in Standing Rock, Bradford county, Pa. No one knows how it came to be in that position. The oldest inhabitants cannot tell anything about it.

The Bradford county standing stone, which is an ancient landmark, still remains. This stone, from the bottom of the river to the top, is 44 feet in height, 16 feet wide, and about four feet thick. At ordinary low water it protrudes from 22 to 23 feet above the water. It is thought to be anchored to the rock formation at the bottom of the river, as it has been able to withstand ice freshets and the flow of the river in flood seasons. It is about 20 feet from the shore, which is at the foot of a high rocky ledge. About half way up is an ideal camping place. It is a large flat place among the rocks and is covered with green grass, and when occupied by campers the stars and stripes are seen floating from the top of the stone. Standing Stone township takes its name from this rock.—Mrs. M. C. Brainhall.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Good Peace Letter

Dearest Little Friends.—You may think I am a stranger visiting you for the first time, but some of you no doubt will remember that I visited you about two years ago, and was treated very nicely. I am glad that our editor will not let us quarrel, but that is something I won't do. I guess I had better tell the boys and girls my hobbies, they are good friends and music. We have an organ in our home and all of us girls can play some, but never have taken any lessons. I try to treat everybody right, and if I can't say something good of people I will not say harm. I live on a farm in dear old Virginia, and like farming very much. I wish you all health, happiness and good luck.—Honey B. Vernon.

A Little Mother.

Dear Boys and Girls—I live on a small farm in the mountains of North Carolina. I am nine and the youngest of a family of four. My papa has taken The Blade ever since I can remember. I like to read the letters from the boys and girls very much; in fact, I read the entire Peace Page. I love birds and books, but I love babies better than anything I ever saw. If I have any hobby at all it is taking care of babies. I would like some of the boys or girls to send me a post card. I will sign my real name. —Ola Graybeal, Sly, N. C.

Loves Her State.

Dear Blade Readers—I am one of the girls of "Dear Old Virginia," and I do not want you to forget our state. I would certainly be glad to see a letter from some of my Virginia friends in with the letters of The Blade boys and girls. I am a little girl 13 years old. I go to school every session. I am very much interested in Blade letters that talk about school. I have one brother. My father is a farmer. He keeps four mules and one driving horse. My hobby is fancywork. I would like to exchange cards with The Blade boys and girls. —Eva Keeton, Chase City, Va., R. F. D. No. 1.

A Helpful Girl.

Dear Readers of The Blade—I live on a farm of 125 acres and am 11 years old. We have four horses and three cows. In summer I help papa hoe corn. I help my mamma about the house, too. Last fall I gathered almost three gallons of hickory nuts after they were hulled. I like fall better than any other season; the woods are so pretty then. I go to school.

Lida Mae MacMullen, I enjoy reading your letters. Come again. I had a little picnic last summer, at which several of my little friends came and we had supper out under a large tree, and had a fine time.—Ethel Cross.

A Buckeye Girl.

Dear Blade Boys and Girls—I am a girl 11 years of age, and I have three brothers, one older than myself and two younger than myself. The youngest is 2 years of age. I am an Ohio girl and would like to see some letters from Ohio. I think that the children should get a bigger space in The Blade for their letters, and I would like to know how many would like to have a puzzle box in The Blade. — Agnes McKenzie, Seaman, Ohio.

A Noble Hobby.

Dear Boys and Girls—I live on a farm. I am 14 years old. My father has taken The Blade for nearly three years. I go to school and I am in the eighth grade. I have three sisters and one brother. My little sister has a pet kitten, named Rosy. We had a tame woodchuck for five years, and last summer a dog killed him. He would stand up and walk on his hind legs. All the girls have a hobby, and I have one, too. Mine is washing dishes. I am signing my real name and address and hope some of the boys and girls will send me letters and cards. I will answer all I get.—Mildred Kissell, Rummerfield, Pa., R. D. 12.

Hook 'Em, Sniffy.

An outdoor game played by any number of persons with a ring at the end of a long cord tied to the limb of a tree. A hook is driven into the trunk of a tree, and the players in order try to swing the ring so that it will catch on the hook. He who succeeds scores a point.

Instead of a tree, an upright post with a crossbar is sometimes used. And instead of one hook a board can be arranged with several hooks, each of which has a number under it. In this case the successful thrower scores the number of the hook on which he hangs the ring. After any number of turns agreed on he who has scored the highest number of points wins the game.

How to Make Rose Beads.

A girl from the golden west, Isabella French, tells her way of making rose beads. A lard pail of rose petals makes a nice string. First grind the petals in a meat grinder several times. When they have been ground put them on a rusted tin and turn them over every hour or two until they are black. Then take a thimbleful (so as to make a bead to each thimbleful) and work them around in your hand, or roll them around in a cup so as to make them round. Then put them on hatpins until they are dry and rub them with sweet oil. String them with smaller beads between and they are pretty.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Addie Purchase, of Freeland, Mich., sends our boys and girls a motto, and it is a good one to begin the New Year with: "Be Cheerful. Be Good."

Myra Bigelow, Quincy, Mich., says: "My sister Doris and I have two pet sheep. Their names are Polly and Katy. I like to feed them. We have one little five-week-old colt. Her name is June. We have two horses besides June. Their names are Bird and Bell.

Ida Brubaker, Port Royal, Juanita county, Pennsylvania, says she is "trying to be always more cheerful and to look on the bright side of things." That is an inspiration to all of us, Ida. So keep right at it. She wishes to hear from Texas Indian Girl again.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good cheer.

A Happy New Year to every reader of the Peace Page, nad my wish to you, a toast to you, is: The New Year, may it bring:

Of memories, the happiest,
Of realities, the noblest,
Of anticipations, the brightest.

Every year we are made to realize how necessary we are to each other, and if we make but one New Year resolution, let it run: "I mean to be more helpful and more loving."

Recent letters have reached me which show inharmony brought about through uncharitable speech, of strife stirred up by tattling tongues. I am going to add a second motto just for today, to be used, however, throughout the year, on occasion: "Forgive and forget." Forgetting is the hardest part, and I want to give you this illustration from the Youth's Companion:

At a women's meeting the subject of cures came up, when a newcomer was asked to give her experience. "I don't mind telling, but I guess you will think it is a funny kind of cure," she replied with a smile. "Once, years ago, I had a dreadful headache. I hadn't slept a wink the night before. I was grieving about a friend who hadn't treated me right. I was just brooding away, going over and over again in my mind what I would say to Mehitable Record some day, when I saw that a big grudge was growing right up inside of me. 'Now, said I to myself, 'suppose Mehjtable Record did really do it. Is that a reason why you should grow a grudge?' So I set right about forgiving her as hard as I could, and pretty soon I just loved her, no matter what she had done." The needles were motionless. The speaker, although flushing under the gaze of many eyes., continued: "And when I had thoroughly forgiven her, my head ache was gone and I felt nice all over. It set me to thinking.

"After that, whenever I had a headache or pain, I practiced going away by myself and forgiving someone, and it worked wonderfully." Did you always have someone," asked the minister's wife softly, "to practice on?" "Deary me, no," said Aunty Glen. "Everybody's always treated me so nice I ran out of folks to forgive long ago." "How did you manage your cure, then?" "Oh, 'long about that same time I ran out of aches and pains, too. I haven't lost a day in bed in 45 years." There was a pause. Miss Everett, with shining eyes, broke the silence. "Ladies, I move a vote of thanks to dear Aunty Glen for a bit of very inexpensive and very dear philosophy. And I move also that we adopt her cure and practice it."

A GLIMPSE OF RANCH LIFE

I live in the central part of Wyoming, in the foothills of the Rockies. The weather is never very hot here in summer as we always have what we call gentle western breezes. If any of you have ever been in the west you know that is about 100 miles an hour sometimes. I see some letters about card playing. I do not like the idea myself of seeing children of any age play cards, but as the old saying is, "boys will be boys," and if they want to play cards they will play either at home or somewhere else, and I think they had better play at home. If the sister that wants to bleach ginghams will boil them in water with kerosene in it and then dry them on the grass it will bleach them in just a few washings.—A Rancher's Wife from Wyoming.

ANSWER TO F. L. M., KY.

I was greatly touched with your letter in the Peace Page of The Blade, July 11th. I thought I should write to you and let you know it did someone good to read it. It is so very true about the tongue. I wish that lots more people would think as you do. You speak plain, but it is true. I like The Blade to read, and I cut out the helpful hints every week and paste them in my scrap book.—M. J. W.

Our Correspondents

Mrs. C. F. Ashbaugh, Ohio, says: "I am the only child of Henry Sands, Co. K, 62nd Reg., O. V. I. I'd like to know if any of the readers of the Peace Page knew him. I have all the letters he wrote my mother during the war. I was only 18 months old when he was killed."

Mrs. Necie Edens, Ky., writes: "I read Mrs. Elsie Alvis' letter in December paper. I could not help sympathyzing with her about her wandering boy. May God feed her boy and bring him back to her. I haven't any children living, but have four safe in the arms of Jesus."

Glad Heart, Tenn., writes for advice and help for her litle girl, 3 years old, who is a cripple from paralysis. Anything to amuse or comfort the little girl will be appreciated.

A. G. sends greetings and beautiful post cards from Cottage Mills, W. Va.

A Friend from Oregon writes: The Peace Page has a special attraction all its own. It kind of gives us all a chance to help some other people, who really need it. There is nothing I like better than to send something to some shut-in, that will help them to "grin and bear" their trials, to kind of knock the ruts down a little for them—just let them wonder, "Well, now! I'd just like to know who sent me this, or that." Say, did you ever think of the joys a simple little action might produce? Try it a time or so on some friend near home, watch the effects, and I will bet you my "six shooter" you will not be satisfied to let it be your last trial. Well, I don't want to impose on your time, but I really do want to get in touch with you, and if you do not really care to answer this, well, I have at least tried to get acquainted.

Glad to know you, and have you visit us, and thank you for the glimpses of Oregon on the post cards. You certainly have found the road to happiness, the "Road of the Loving Heart."—Martha Holden.

Dear Friend—Tell Katie that she might obtain some information concerning her deaf and dumb man by writing the postmaster at Alexander, N. C., as there are several deaf and dumb persons in that neighborhood.—J. C. Chandler.

An old soldier makes this promise: I was pleased to read in Poet's Corner the sweet song of Beautiful Isle of Somewhere. I have had nothing printed in The Blade since the death of dear Mrs. Ayres. She sometimes found room for items from my pen and wrote me home friendly letters. How I miss her. I note a good letter by An Old Soldier and may feel like sending some sparks from memory's campfire, if it will be acceptable. I am a veteran in my 77th year and have memories of incidents of half a century agone which will not be devoid of interest to readers of Peace Page.—V. E. Teran, Mich.

We should like to have the wartime memories and hope you will feel as welcome in this page as in the days of dear Elizabeth.—Martha Holden.

If Sweet Sixteen will reclean the spot which left a gasoline ring on her dress with gasoline, in which quite a little common table salt has been added I think the ring will practically disappear. To avoid making circles or rings salt should always be added to gasoline, when removing spots from materials.

Mrs. Dora Belch sends a certain cure for ivy poison: "Make a tea of oats and wash affected parts. Usually two or three treatments are all that is needed." Also a sore throat cure: "Chop onions fine, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place between thin cloths and bind on throat at night."

Mrs. H. A. Spencer, Houghton, S. D., asks that we have some of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems in the Poet's Corner. A good suggestion, Mrs. Spencer.

J. L. Hutchinson, Millersburg, Pa., asks that our national poem be published. Will someone please send it?

Mrs. Phona Nixon Hotchkiss, Milton, Iowa, Box 191, wishes to hear from some of the older West Virginia sisters who may have been friends of her girlhood. She was the daughter of Rev. Nixon Potts, chaplain of the Sixth Virginia regiment during the civil war, living in Grafton, also in Mannington and Fetterman. Wouldn't it be jolly if Mrs. Hotchkiss should have a post card shower from old friends on Christmas, just through the Peace Page.

OUR COOK BOOK

Graham Gems—First, have a hot fire, and second put the gem irons, the flat kind, on the stove until very hot. Take new milk or sweet cream and a little salt and baking powder. Put in 14 tablespoons for a 12-iron gem tin and stir in with one hand while a constant pouring lightly of the graham flour is continued. Beat the mixture very light. Grease irons and beat again and then put in the batter and bake in a hot oven from 10 to 20 minutes. These gems are good for invalids. The best results are gotten from a thorough beating.

Waffles—I am sending you a waffle recipe that a Missouri reader has asked for. Three eggs, one quart sour milk, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls melted butter. Beat the yolks of the eggs well, stir in the milk; add the butter and soda, and last, the white of eggs beaten stiff; use enough flour to make it drop nicely from a spoon. Have the waffle iron well greased (grease it every time you remove waffle). This proportion will be sufficient for six persons.—Mrs. A. V. Keefer, Avoca, Iowa.

Mahogany Cake—One and one-half cups of granulated sugar, one-half (large) cup butter, three eggs, one teaspoon extract, three cups flour, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of chocolate cooked in half cup of sweet milk, set aside to cool while making rest of cake.—Gela M. Cox, Vernon Center, R. R. No. 2, Minn.

Marshmallow Filling for Any Cake—Boil two cups of sugar with one cup of water until it ropes. Just before removing from the stove add one-half pound of marshmallows broken into bits. Pour this gradually into the well beaten whites of two eggs. Beat continuously until nearly cold. Then spread between the layers and on top.

Eggless Cake With Water—Eggless cake, use water to mix. One cup sugar, one cup lukewarm water, two cups sifted flour, one-half cup butter or one-fourth cup fresh lard, three teaspoons baking powder, a pinch of salt; flavor to suit.

Corn Beef—To 100 pounds of beef eight pounds salt, two quarts New Orleans molasses, one-half pound saleratus, one-half pound saltpeter. Boil as much water in the boiler as it will take to cover the meat. While boiling put in the above ingredients, and pour over the meat boiling hot. If you don't have quite enough to cover meat add boiling water. Do not be afraid to put it on hot. This keeps the meat tender and sweet and it never fails to give the best satisfaction.—Mrs. O. E. Dean, Belvidere, Illinois.

Mock Lemon Pie—A Blade reader requested a recipe for mock lemon pie. One quart sweet milk, one cup sugar, yolks of three eggs, three heaping tablespoons of flour. Cook in double boiler. Lemon oil or extract for flavoring. Top with well beaten whites of three eggs and three teaspoons sugar.

Ginger Cookies—One egg, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of palmetto molasses, one cup of lard, one tablespoonful of ginger, one and one-half teaspoons of soda scalded with one-half cup of butter. Mix enough flour to make a soft dough.—Izetta Jane McDaniel, Lynchburg, O.

POET'S CORNER

"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH"

By Mary Lowe Dickinson.

The way lies over the mountain road,
The end thou canst not see;
And child, thou hast a weary load,
Wilt pause and rest with me?
As one his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort thee.

The night grows dark, the storm is wild,
Thy burden hard to bear;
Why stagger on, thou weary child,
When I am here to share?
Nay, as a mother comforteth,
To take, Myself, thy care.

To be thy refuge from all harm,
To bear thy grief and smart;
For Me the pain, for thee the balm;
Thou of Myself a part.
I make thy cradle in my arms,
Thy pillow on my heart.

There rest thee now, in every sound
Of wind or wave or tree.
Hear thou My whisper: "I have found
A child!" Stay close by Me!
As one his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort thee.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread,
Of the pile of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to get away to school,
And the milk to be skimmed and churned,
And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake
And a loaf of cake for tea;
And the day was hot and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said:
"If maidens but knew what good wives know
They would be in no haste to wed."

"Jennie, what do you think I told Bill Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He kissed from her brow the frown;
"'Twas this," he said, that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town."

The farmer went back to the field and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone and the clothes
Were white as the foam on the sea;
Her bread was light and her butter was sweet,
And as gold as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down and the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said,
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gaily now?
Oh, where will be love's beaming eyes,
Joy's pleasant smiles and sorrow's sighs,
A hundred years to come?
A hundred years to come! Where?
Where? Where?
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold these crowded streets,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth,
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be?
A hundred years to come?
A hundred years to come! Where?
Where? Where?
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come.
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come.
But other men our lands will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gaily,
And bright the sunshine as today,
A hundred years to come.
A hundred years to come! Where?
Where? Where?
A hundred years to come.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground
The dead and wounded lay.
Among them was a drummer boy who
beat the drum that day;
A wounded soldier held him up, his
drum lay by his side.
He raised his eyes and clasped his
hands and prayed before he died.

"Look down upon the battle-field, O
Thou our Heavenly Friend,
Have mercy on our sinful souls," the
soldiers cried "Amen!"
For gathered round a little group
each brave man knelt and cried,
And listened to the drummer boy who
prayed before he died.

"O Jesus," cried the dying boy, "Look
down from heaven on me,
O take me to Thy fond embrace. O
take me home to Thee;
I loved my country as my God, to
serve them both I tried."
He prayed, shook hands, death seized
the boy that prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept, then, like a child,
stout hearts they were and brave,
A flag his winding sheet, God's word a
key unto his grave;
They wrote upon a simple board,
"These words shall be a guide
To those who mourn the drummer boy
who prayed before he died."

The angels round the throne of God
looked down upon the brave
Who fought and died on Shiloh's
plains, now slumbering in the grave.
How many homes made desolate! How
many hearts have sighed
For brave ones like the drummer boy,
who prayed before he died!

MY OHIO

Homeland of love; Ohio rich and free,
Loveland of homes, far-famed for purity,
Richland of peace and great prosperity,
Homeland of love, blest from above;
My Ohio.

Refrain.

Ohio! Ohio! The state so dear to me,
My heart is thine, as thou art mine;
My Ohio.

Fields, harvest-wed, enriched with golden grain
Hills cattle-spread, enrift with carbon vein
Streams, water-fed, refreshed by Heaven's rain,
Homeland of love, blest from above;
My Ohio.

Father of youth, sent out the world to bless,
Leader, forsooth, in paths of happiness,
Guardian of truth, a friend of righteousness,
Homeland of love, blest from above,
My Ohio.

O State, whose fame will through the ages stand;
O State, whose aim is service hand-to-hand;
O State, whose name is known in every land;
Homeland of love, blest from above,
My Ohio.

WHICH?

By Mrs. E. L. Beers.

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John—John looked at me;
Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
'Tell me again what Robert said!
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter:"

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

'Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep," so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle light we stepped,
Where Lillian the baby slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white,
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way.
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek,
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave,
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not let him go."

And so we wrote in courteous way.
We could not drive one child away.
And afterward, toil lighter seemed.
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

William R. Wallace.

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eyes were growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him:
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antler's bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."
The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
Lit up with sudden flame;
And, as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name;
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me, now,
The sword of Bunker Hill."

"O, keep this sword," his accents broke,
A smile and he was dead,
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill.

JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain, ling'ring falls the southern moon,
Far o'er the mountain breaks the day too soon,
In thy dark eyes' splendor; where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender, speak their fond farewell.
Nita! Juanita!
Ask thy soul if we should part!
Nita! Juanita!
Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming, moons like these shall shine again,
And daylight beaming, prove thy dreams are vain,
Wilt thou not, relenting, for thine absent lover sigh,
In thy heart consenting to a prayer gone by?
Nita! Juanita!
Let me linger by thy side!
Nita! Juanita!
Be my own fair bride!

POEMS REQUESTED

Roger and I.
New Country.
Many Dreams.
Mizpah.
O, Promise Me.
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.
Callin' the Younguns.
Paul Revere's Ride.
Lasca.
Beautiful Evelyn Hope.
Maid of Athens.
Genevra.
The True Cross.
Maud Miller.

Gray's Elegy is asked for, but the poem is too long to print in the Poet's Corner.

This Is a Janet Jones

Hand-Made Baby Mocassin

They are made of strong, yet soft white Lambskin. They are made all by hand and are embroidered by hand. Daintily lined with Silkene.

They are the prettiest, coolest, most practical things for Baby's feet you have ever seen, and they really wear.

We want to send you a

Trial Pair for 50 Cents

Just send us the size or length of Baby's foot and tell us the color you want—white embroidered with Blue or Pink, or solid White, Pink, Blue, or Tan.

Send 50 cents in stamps, and you will be just as delighted as the thousands who are now using them.

Perhaps you now want shoes or slippers for Baby.

Janet Jones Soft Sole Baby Shoes or Slippers

are beautifully made in all colors. The Button Shoes are of soft Lambskin, any color, and in Velvet, black or brown. Beautifully lined. Pearl buttons and silk tassels. The slippers of same colors and in Patent Leather, with silk rosettes.

Send us 50 cents, the size of Baby's foot, and say which kind you want. Address

Janet Jones Baby Shoes, Rochester, New York

WHY DO I DO IT?

Why Should I, a Stranger, Miles Away, Care Anything About You? Why Should I Want to Help You?

Because I want to see the world grow better—and it is growing better, please don't ever lose sight of that fact. It's because I want to see sunshine and happiness where now is darkness—fear—despair.

Because I want mankind to have the benefit of what I have learned and know—the help of all my life work. It's because I want to send hope and rest and peace and comfort to every sufferer in the world that I can reach—because I want to see them well and strong again.

I will do this for you—yes, for all gladly, willingly, freely, if you will only let me. No money is asked or expected. I am financially able to make and fulfill this offer to the sick. It is my way—the way I have chosen to send help. For your own sake won't you let me help you—or some suffering needy friend?

THE MAN WHO MAKES THIS OFFER

Listen! In my life-long experience with medicine—with sickness—I have learned that Heart Disease destroys more human beings than any other thing on earth!

That it is a stealthy, deceptive, deadly monster—that six people in every ten have Heart Trouble. And you know as well as I that in lots of cases it creeps upon its poor victim unawares, and strikes out their life almost without warning—often without their even suspecting that their Heart was weak or wrong at all.

I have learned, too, that one of the very worst things about Heart trouble is that most people don't know what the symptoms are—don't know what they mean when they have them. Another thing—a great many people are misled and deceived into thinking their trouble is something else, and doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Nerves or Sexual Organs for some supposed trouble, when all the time it's the Heart that's causing it all. They are really treating the symptoms and not the disease itself.

And a great many people who do know that they have Heart trouble think it can't be cured. Now Heart trouble is just as curable as any other trouble. I have proved this fully by successfully treating hundreds of cases. Many of these were the chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone. But this treatment acted quickly and permanently. In very many cases of Heart Disease the Nerves and Stomach are affected also, and one reason why this treatment cures is because it sets the Stomach right, removes constipation, steadies and revitalizes the Nerves and builds up the whole system, besides strengthening, controlling and curing the Heart. I believe I can cure YOU! Anyhow, it's simple to send for and to try. And so I will gladly send you by mail, postpaid, without any conditions, without any restrictions and without any cost a complete test treatment for your case, and a letter of clear medical advice. Also an illustrated book that with plain words and pictures explains your trouble clearly, and so that you will understand it.

Remember, it is all FREE—the Book—The Letter of Advice—The Full Course of Treatment. There are no "strings" to this offer. Neither is it a C. O. D. scheme or anything of the kind. I ask for no money—I send you no medicine, expecting you to pay later. You, blind, yourself in no way. It is nothing but a genuine, generous, honest, free offer to the sick. I am making this same offer in some of the best papers in America besides the Toledo Weekly Blade, because it seems to me to be the best way to quickly get advice and help—this certain effective treatment into the hands of every sufferer—everywhere.

If you have even one of the sure symptoms, Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching, Nightmare, Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Short Breath, Fainting, Smothering, Choking, Numb or Sinking Spells, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Swelling Legs, Asthma, Pain in Heart Side, or Shoulder Blade, your Heart and Nerves are surely wrong! Don't wait, for even now you may be facing sudden death. Please give your age and how long you have had the symptoms. Address: Directing Specialist Clearwater, Pres. Heart Cure Co., 332 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC. are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 258 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly powers and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, or ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failure may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A Simple Home Method that Anyone Can Use Without Operation, Pain, Danger or Loss of Time.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

You don't want to go through life continually harassed and chafed by trusses. You want to be freed from the ever present danger of strangulation. What you want is a cure that will end all danger, embarrassment and expense from rupture for the rest of your life and this is the purpose of my remarkable free offer to ruptured people.

I have a new Method I want you to try at my expense. Fill out and mail the coupon below TO-DAY.

My free and generous offer includes a full brochure with proof treatment and other essentials, together with valuable information proving that rupture is curable WITHOUT OPERATION.

No matter whether you have single, double or navel rupture or one following an operation, you should mail the coupon below with a request for this book to-day. No matter how old you are or how hard you work, do not delay accepting my free offer. No matter whether you are a man, woman or child, this is the one offer and opportunity you must not neglect. No matter even if you consider your case hopeless, it is your duty to yourself and family to find out how much my free offer and Method can do for you.

FREE COUPON

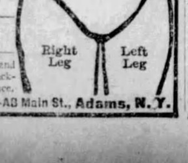
Where is Rupture?

Age .....

How long Ruptured?

Cut this out, or copy and mail to-day and the package will be sent you at once.

Mark location of Rupture on this Diagram



W. S. Rice, 20-A0 Main St., Adams, N. Y.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

MADAME PATTI

Will you give a short history of the life of Madame Adelina Patti in the columns of The Blade?—D. B. T., East Liverpool, Ohio.

Adelina Maria Patti was born in Madrid, Spain, February 19, 1843. She was the daughter of Italian opera singers, but was brought up in New York. She was trained here by Strackosh, the husband of one of her elder sisters. On November 24, 1859, she made her debut in New York as Lucia and in London in 1861 as Amina. In 1870 she went to Paris. Her success everywhere was very great, due to her pure style and her clear toned voice. In November and December, 1903, she made an American concert tour which was a great financial success and which showed that her voice powers were only slightly impaired. She married in 1868 the Marquis of Caux and was divorced from him in 1885. In 1886 she married again, the tenor Niccolina, after whose death in 1898, she married in 1899, Baron Cederstorm, with whom she now lives in Wales.

WAR OF THE ROSES

Will you kindly give an account of the War of the Roses in England—G. W. T., Galax, Va.

The "Wars of the Roses" was the name given to a civil war in England during the fifteenth century, which may be said to have begun with the first battle of St. Albans, in 1455, and to have ended with the battle of Bosworth Field, in 1485, though during this period of 30 years there were long interva's of peace. The origin of the name of these wars was the badges worn by the representatives of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, the Yorks wearing a white and the Lancastrians the red rose. The house of York was descended from the second son of Edward III., and therefore had a better claim to the throne than the house of Lancaster, which was descended from the fourth son of the same king. But Henry, duke of Lancaster, had arbitrarily seized the crown in 1399, not only dethroning the rightful king, Richard II., but displacing all claimants whose rights were paramount to his own. The usurpation was submitted to for the sake of peace, and had the descendants of Henry IV. continued to show the ability displayed by that monarch and his son Henry V., the Lancastrian branch might have held power indefinitely. His grandson, however, Henry VI. proved to be so feeble in mind and character that abundant opportunity was given to the powerful nobles to plot his downfall. Richard, duke of York, the presumtive heir to the throne, as the king for some years after his marriage remained childless, had united himself by marriage with the Nevilles, one of the most powerful families of nobles in the kingdom, and had won to his side many other families of influence. When, therefore, he expected accession was cut off by the birth of a young prince in 1453, the disaffected nobles thought it time to combine for a change of dynasty. King Henry had been reduced by illness to a condition of imbecility, and York was made protector of the kingdom, but the king—upon his recovery, resumed power, and so gave excuse by acts of tyranny for a revolt of the nobles. The first battle was fought at St. Albans, May 22, 1456, and was won by the Yorkists of party of the white rose. The king was now in their power and York was made protector again. The queen would not submit to this compromise, and herself raised an army to defend the claims of her infant son, and war began again in 1459. After the battle of Northhampton, July 10, 1460, it was arranged that Henry should remain king for life, but that York should succeed him Queen Margaret resisted, and December 30, following, defeated the Yorkists at Wakefield. Here the Duke of York and many of his supporters were killed. The Yorkists' claim now passed to the duke's eldest son, Edward, a youth of only 19 years of age, but possessed of remarkable intellectual powers. He overcame Lancastrian troops in two minor battles, then went to London where he was proclaimed king March 4, 1461. March 29 the battle of Towton—one of the most bloody on English soil—resulted in a victory for York. Two years later Queen Margaret renewed the contest with aid from Scotland and France, but was beaten at Hexham, May 15, 1464, and poor old King Henry fell into his rival's hands and was imprisoned in the tower. The Yorkers were now established in power, but they quarre'ed among themselves, the powerful Neville family, headed by the Earl of Warwick, rebelled and fleeing to France, joined the party of Queen Margaret. Invading England with an army they inaugurated another War of the Roses. At the battle of Barnset, however, April 14, 1471, the Lancastrians were defeated and Warwick was killed. At Tewksbury, May 3, Queen Margaret and her young son were taken prisoners; the prince was killed and the queen imprisoned in the tower, where the poor old king died soon after, it was thought by violence. The White Ros s now held comparatively undisturbed possession of power for 12 years. King Edward, dying in 1483, left two young sons, both of whom their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, had murdered, in order that he might himself seize and hold the regal power. Richard's many evil deeds so roused general indignation that a party was formed for the purpose of deposing him and putting the Earl of Richmond, who was the great-great-grandson of the first Duke of Lancaster, on the throne. The first effort of the conspirators failed, and one of their principal leaders, the Duke of Buckingham, was beheaded. But in 1485 Richmond had raised a small army and, meeting Richard's troops on Bosworth field, defeated them, the king falling in the fight. Richmond, who was crowned Henry VII. on the battlefield, with the crown that Richard had worn in the action, soon after married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late King Edward, and thus the rival houses of York and Lancaster were united, and the Wars of the Roses forever ended.

PUBLIC DEBTS

I would like to know the amounts of the state and national debts.—G. M. R., Leck, Va.

The outstanding principal of the public debt of the United States in 1911 was $2,821,330,305.66. The public debts of the states are: Maine, $2,785,383; New Hampshire, $1,551,148; Vermont, $362,946; Massachusetts, $65,963,005; Rhode Island, $2,619,928; Connecticut, $1,677,964; New York, $7,498,239; New Jersey, $156,550; Pennsylvania, $374,625; Delaware, $762,092; Maryland, $4,942,394; Virginia, $24,171,863; North Carolina, $6,754,928; South Carolina, $6,730,439; Georgia, $7,876,203; Florida, $1,032,500; Ohio, $4,685,016; Indiana, $2,913,767; Illinois, $2,155,122; Michigan $6,566,366; Wisconsin, $2,278,068; Minnesota, $1,755,033; Iowa, $49,589; Missouri, $4,365,635; North Dakota, $968,330; South Dakota, $457,263; Nebraska, $2,005,001; Kansas, $622,000; Kentucky, $2,198,482; Tennessee, $17,984,468; Alabama, $12,726,569; Mississippi, $2,877,124; Louisiana, $13,592,795; Arkansas, $1,191,382; Oklahoma, $509,766; Texas, $3,993,119; Montana, $1,203,769; Idaho, Wyoming, $300,530; Colorado, $3,797,329; New Mexico, $998,923; Arizona, $3,099,333; Utah, $974,492; Nevada, $243,904; Washington, $1,271,391; Oregon, $236,267, and California, $2,911,077.

FATIMA

Will you kindly publish a brief sketch of the life of Fatima?—L. C., Point Marion, Pa.

Fatima, the favorite daughter of Mohammed, was born in Mecca, Arabia, about 606. She was the wife of Ali and had three sons, Al-Hasan, Al-Husein and Al-Musein. From the first two were descended the Saiyides dynasty, a race of Mohammedan kings.

KING CANUTE OF ENGLAND

Please give an account of the reign of King Canute of England.—F. B. W., Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Canute, the first Danish king of England, was the son of Sweyn, king of Danmark, and accompanied his father on his campaigns to England. Sweyn proclaimed himself king of England, but died in 1014, before his power was fully established there. His son succeeded him. The latter was immediately driven out by Ethelred, the representative of the Saxon line, and fled to the court of his brother, Harold, in Denmark. He invaded the country anew in 1015 and was finally victorious at the battle of Assignton in 1016. After this the English king, Edmund, and Canute, agreed on a separation of the kingdom. By the death of his brother, Harold, he obtained the crown of Denmark in 1016. Edmund also died one month after the partition treaty was formed and he became the sole king of England. He married the widow of the English king and endeavored in every way to gain the favor of his English subjects. After his death his son, Harold, became king of England.

CORAL REEFS

I would like to know of what coral reefs are formed.—J. A. S., Spencer, W. Va.

The coral reefs and islands are formed from the skeleton of an animal known as the coral polyps. The reef building corals are known as the Madrepora and Maeandrina. There is but little known concerning the rapidity of growth of the corals. One observed at Key West grew half an inch in a year, and another found on the wreck of an old vessel grew about three inches a year. The corals are confined to waters in which the temperature does not fall below 68 degrees in winter. They are abundant in the West Indies and on the central Pacific coast. Coral reefs are divided into fringing, barrier and circular. They do not occur below 15 or 20 fathoms and are from 50 to 75 feet in thickness.

BENEDICT ARNOLD

Please give general information concerning Benedict Arnold.—F. O., Bluffton, Ohio.

Benedict Arnold was born in Norwich, Conn., in 1741, died in England in 1801. He received a good school education in his youth. He was romantic and adventurous, excessively proud and sensitive, governed rather by impulse than principle. He was noted for physical strength and beauty as well as bravery. At 15 he ran away from home and enlisted in the Connecticut army marching to Albany and Lake George to resist the French invasion; but getting weary of discipline he deserted and made his way home through the wilderness. In 1762 he removed to New Haven and started in business as a druggist and bookseller. He acquired considerable property, engaged in the West India trade, sometimes commanding his own ships, as his father had done. He also carried on trade with Canada, and often visited Quebec. On February 22, 1767, he married Margaret Mansfield, who died June 19, 1775. They had three sons, Benedict, Richard and Henry. On one of his voyages Arnold fought a duel at Honduras with an English sea captain who called him a name, the captain was wounded and apologized. He also occasionally visited England. When the news of the battle of Lexington reached New Haven, Arnold, who was captain of the governor's guards, assembled them, and marched to Cambridge to join Washington. He was made a colonel of Massachusetts militia and went with the expedition which captured Ticonderogo and Crown Point. He returned to Cambridge and was put in command of the expedition against Quebec. His services in Canada and with the northern army under Ticonderoga were very valuable.

The cabal which grew up in congress was already forming; Gates had begun to intrigue against Schuyler, and Charles Lee against Washington. Arnold was the close friend of Schuyler and Washington, and their enemies began striking at him. In 1777 congress appointed five new major generals, passing over Arnold, who was the senior brigadier. This deeply incensed Arnold, as none of the five had rendered services comparable to his. Later in the same year, 1777, Arnold drove the British under Tyron from Connecticut. Congress then made him a major general, but did not restore his relative rank, which would have placed him above the five. Arnold rendered distinguished service in the campaign against Burgovne's advance, and at the battle of Saratoga, October 7, he rushed upon the field without orders, and in a series of magnificent charges broke through the British lines and put them to flight. Here Arnold was severely wounded in the leg that had been hurt at Quebec, which disabled him until the spring of 1778. In January congress restored him to his relative rank in the army. June 19 Washington put him in command of Philadelphia, which the British had just evacuated. Here he met and married a Tory lady, Margaret Shippen, celebrated for her beauty, wit and nobility of character. For the next two years he associated much with the Tories, and his views of public affairs were doubtless much influenced thereby. He lived extravagantly, got into debt, and had quarrels with many persons, among them Joseph Reed, president of the executive council of the state, who brought charges against Arnold. These were investigated by a committee of congress, and he was unqualifiedly acquitted. Arnold, considering himself vindicated, resigned his command of Philadelphia. But Reed represented, however, that fresh evidence of the charges against Arnold were forthcoming and obtained another investigation, which was conducted by a courtmartial, which render a verdict which agreed in every particular with the finding of the committee of congress; but for two trivial charges proved against him—that once in a hurry he granted a pass in which some due forms were overlooked and for having once used government wagons standing idle to preserve private property for the enemy—it was decided he should receive a reprimand from Washington. The latter deeming Arnold a victim of persecution, couched the reprimand in such terms as made it an eulogy and soon afterward offered Arnold the highest command under himself in the northern army.

But Arnold, smarting under the occurrences given above, allowed himself to enter upon the cause that blackened his name forever. He made up his mind to give the British possession of the Hudson river, which would render the American cause hopeless. He asked and obtained the command of West Point and nothing but the capture of Andre prevented his treason from being successful. He fled to the British at New York, receiving a brigadier general's commission in the British army, and a paltry sum of money. He went to England in 1782, and his last days were embittered by remorse.

HETTY GREEN

I would like to have a sketch of the life of Hetty Green—S. J. J., Mingo Jct., Ohio.

Hetty Howland Robinson Green, the financier, was born in New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 21, 1835. She was the daughter of Edward Mott Robinson, who died in 1865 leaving her a large fortune. Hetty Green was educated at Mrs. Lowell's school in Boston. Two years after the death of her father she married Edward H. Green, of New York, who died in 1902. Mrs. Green is the mother of Edward Howland Robinson Green, the railway president, who lives in Terrell, Texas. Mrs. Green is probably the greatest woman financier in America. She is interested in nearly every large corporation and enterprise of magnitude all over the world, personally manages her large property in stocks, bonds and real estate in Chicago, New York and elsewhere.

CEMENTS

Please publish a formula for a good liquid cement.—R. W. D., Glen's Falls, N. Y.

A good process for mending broken glass, china or earthenware is to dissolve shellac in alcohol until it is about the consistency of molasses. Take a piece of wood or brush and touch the edges of the broken ware. It will stand every contingency, except a heat equal to boiling water. Another method is to mix some egg and lime. Apply this quickly to the edges and place firmly together. It will soon become set and strong. You must be careful to mix only a small quantity at once, as it hardens very soon, so that it cannot be used.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK

Please publish a short biography of the life of Captain William Clark.—L. G. S., Clarence, Iowa.

William Clark, the explorer, was born in Caroline county, Virginia, August 1, 1770. When he was 14 his family removed to the falls of the Ohio and settled on the present site of Louisville. He was made an ensign in 1791 and served under Scott and Wilkinson against the Indians on the Wabash. He was commissioned lieutenant of infantry in 1792 and in 1793 served again against the Indians under General Wayne. He retired from the army in 1796 owing to ill health, but regained his health by turning trapper and hunter. About 1804 President Jefferson commissioned him second lieutenant of artillery and ordered him to join Captain Meriwether Lewis in an exploring expedition from St. Louis across the Rocky Mountains. This expedition lasted two years and was the first made across the continent to the Pacific coast. The success of this expedition was due greatly to Captain Clark's knowledge of Indian habits. In 1806 the expedition returned to St. Louis and Clark went to Washington. He was given a grant of 1,000 acres of the public domain and in 1870 he resigned from the army and was appointed general of the territorial militia of Missouri and also Indian agent for that department, which office he held until 1813. At this time he was appointed governor of the Missouri territory. About 1820, after the state was admitted to the Union, he was defeated for the governorship, but in 1822 was appointed superintendent of Indian affairs at St. Louis. He held this office until his death in 1838.

SHOE MANUFACTURING

Kindly describe the method of modern shoe manufacturing.—R. M., Morgantown, West Va.

In the manufacture of a pair of shoes many different machines are used. In the first stage the cutters are given tickets describing the style of shoe to be made. From this ticket the vamp cutter blocks out the vamp and gives them with the ticket to the upper cutter, who shapes the vamps and cuts the tops for them. The trimming cutter next gets out the linings and stays and whatever is needed in trimming. The whole is then sent to the fitting department. Here the various parts are accurately fitted together and pasted. After being dried they are sent to the machine operators, where each part is placed in a machine adjusted for that particular work. The completed upper is then sent to the sole fitting room. By the use of the cutting machine the leather is formed into strips corresponding to the length of sole required. These strips are then run through a powerful rolling machine, which reduces them to a uniform thickness. These strips are cut into the proper form and the smaller pieces are used for heel pieces, which are put into presses to give them solidity. A lighter grade of leather is used for the insoles, strips being cut by the dies into proper shape. The counters are died out by machine and the welts cut into strips. The uppers and soles are then sent to the bottoming department where the first operation is that of tacking the uppers to the insoles. From the latter they go to the machine operator, where the upper, sole and welt are sewed together. The bottom is leveled and the steel shank inserted. The bottom is next coated with cement and the outsole pressed on it by a machine. The rounding machine then trims it and channels the sole for stitching. The sewing machine fastens the sole secureiy and the next steps are leveling and heeling by machinery. The heels are nailed on and afterwards trimmed by a machine operating revolving knives, while a breasting machine shapes the front of the heel. Another machine drives in the brass nails and cuts them off level with the top. The edging machine next trims the edges after which the finishing touches are put on the shoe. One machine will sew on the soles of 800 shoes in ten hours.

Backed by Two-Mile Petition

Philadelphia, Dec. 26.—Mrs. Emma Doane of San Francisco, who came across the co. inent with the two-mile petition prepared by San Francisco school childre asking Philadelphia to send the famous old Liberty bell to the Pacific coast for the exposition in 1915, lost no time after her arrival in the city in visiting Independence Hall and gazing at the historic relic.

In giving the reason for wanting the bell Mrs. Doane said: "The people of California are just as patriotic as the people of the east, and there is no reason why they should not have this historic bell at the exposition, which will certainly be one of the finest ever held. When the people of California express their love and reverence for a thing which they have never seen, it seems to me that they should have a chance to be educated in patriotism. There are a great'many people in California who have not the slightest idea in the world as to what the bell looks like.

"These people are citizens of the United States just as much as are any Pennsylvanians and are entitled to a glimpse of the bell without having to come all the way to Philadelphia for it."

MISCELLANEOUS

M. C., Toronto, Ohio.—Andrew Carnegie's American home is in New York. His summer establishment is at Skibo castle, in the north of Scotland.

W. B., Bellevue, Mich.—Congress does not hold any session on Sunday.

L. L. L., Janesville, Ill.—The bureau cannot give a biography of Eleanor Ingram.

N. H. W., Jerusalem, Ohio.—The State Universities are co-educational and probably all maintain medical departments. The Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia is the only institution of its kind in the country.

A. C. S., Fredericktown, Ohio.—The administration board has charge of cases where there has been no provisions made for administrators where a person dies intestate.

O. R., Winchester, Ill.—The appointment of fourth-class postmasters usually come through the recommendations of party executive or central committees. Without the endorsement of these committees an appointment is not easily obtained, unless the circumstances are unusual. There have been cases where appointments have been made through the vote of the patrons of an office.

J. R. T., Canton, N. C.—Caleb Powers was re-elected in the last election for Congress from the eleventh Kentucky district. It was his second election to that office.

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him at 709 Carney building, Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give; only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success. —Advertisement.

SCIENTIFIC RUPTURE CURE

Wonder of the 20th Century.

Appley's scientific, invention worn with perfect comfort. No irritable pads. You can increase or decrease the holding pressure yourself, adapted to the slightest or severest rupture. No undersraps, springs or other annoying features. More actual cures recorded than all others combined. REASONABLE in Price. SENT ON TRIAL. BOOKLET FREE. APPLEY TRUSS CO., 15 Pearl Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A CURE! A CURE!

Robinson's Rheumatism Cure

At last! One that is sold with written legal guarantee to completely relieve the terrible tortures of rheumatism or refund your money promptly.

Don't give up hope for you can be cured to stay cured.

Write for FREE BOOKLET Telling How

After three years of agony B. L. Cox of N. C. says: "If it had not been for ROBINSON'S RHEUMATISM CURE I would be in my grave now." He is a well man today.

Don't Delay—It's Dangerous

ROBINSON MEDICINE CO. Madison Sq. (Box 15) New York

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of pain. Sent free

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 134 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N.Y. and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

'Save Your Pennies,' Rockefeller Advises

Tarrytown, N. Y., Dec. 27.—John D. Rockefeller gave some good advice to a young woman school teacher yesterday as he was giving a party of them a sleighride over his estate at Pocantico Hills. During the ride the young woman said:

"Is it not strange and wonderful, Mr. Rockefeller, that you should have all this big estate and three houses to live in, while we teachers live in a little six-by-ten room down in a village flat?"

Mr. Rockefeller turned to the young woman and said:

"Save your pennies."

The young woman had nothing further to say.

PRESIDENT AT PANAMA

Even Sailors to Inspect the Big Canal.

Colon, Dec. 24.—President Taft and his party arrived here today on board the United States warship Arkansas. They landed at eight o'clock this morning. The party includes the President and Mrs. Taft, Charles P. Taft, Jr., Miss Louise Taft, Charles D. Hilles and Mrs. Hilles, Beekman Winthrop and Mrs. Winthrop, Major T. L. Rhoades, U. S. A. aide-de-camp; Lieut. Commander J. W. Timmons, U. S. N.

The trip from Key West was an uneventful one. The weather was fine and the sea smooth throughout the voyage.

The United States minister, H. Percival Dodge, a number of canal officials, and President Taft and party, were the guests today of Col. G. W. Goethals at Culebra.

Tomorrow evening they are invited to attend a dinner given by the American minister and afterwards a ball in the palace of President Belisario Prras of Panama.

President Taft before landing sent a wireless despatch to Col. Goethals asking him to have special trains in readiness as 2,000 blue jackets and all on board the battleship Arkansas and Delaware, except the prisoners are to be given the opportunity to inspect the canal during their visit.

Don't fail to read the Classified Opportunities column on Page 8.

Alaska is to have a motorrail railroad.

WILSON IS PEACE MAKER FOR PARTY

Labors With Bryan, Clark and Underwood Factions in Effort for Harmony.

Washington, Dec. 26.—President-elect Wilson proposes to inaugurate his administration with the Christmas spirit.

Upon every one of his distinguished political callers he is impressing the Biblical saying, "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

It is his effort to bring into harmony the divergent elements of the Democracy, to induce William Jennings Bryan and his faction, Speaker Champ Clark, with his "middle-in-the-road" progressiveness, and Congressman Oscar Underwood, Senator Martin of Virginia, and other reactionaries to join together in giving the country a demonstration of the ability of the Democracy to discharge efficiency the duties of government.

Warring Factions Bury Hatchet.

The attitude of the President-elect has been disclosed by the several visitors who have seen him since his return from Bermuda. Mr. Bryan came to Washington after his call at Trenton, generously disposed toward men in congress whom he fought at Baltimore. Champ Clark returned with some of the soreness he has felt over his failure to obtain the Democratic nomination alleviated. Congressman Underwood will be at Trenton in a few days. Senator Martin, of Virginia, likewise, will go to the New Jersey capital.

What He Made Clear to Callers.

He has made it clear to his visitors: That he wants Mr. Bryan to accept the office of secretary of state.

That he is opposed to any attempt to defeat Mr. Clark for re-election as speaker of the house.

That he desires to co-operate with Representative Underwood as house Democratic leader.

That he is anxious for harmony in the senate and has no objection to Senator Martin as Democratic leader in that body.

The effect of Mr. Wilson's procedure is shown by the results so far as they have developed here. No Bryan man is suggesting a campaign against Mr. Clark and the Nebraskan would not countenance auything of the kind. The latter has told friends here that he is in sympathy with Mr. Underwood's plan of revising the tariff schedule by schedule at the extra session and to conclude the revision with an omnibus bill further reducing duties to a revenue basis.

The war against Senator Martin, inaugurated by the Democratic progressives in the upper house, is quiescent for the moment.

These various developments establish, in the opinion of politicians here, that Mr. Wilson intends to pursue the same policy adopted by President Taft before he entered the White House four years ago.

Taft Brought About "Peace."

Although Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon fought Mr. Taft's nomination the then president-elect came to Washington and confered with them. As a result, Mr. Aldrich was recognized as the Republican leader in the senate and Mr. Taft declined to give any support whatever to the movement to oust Cannon from the speakership.

If Mr. Wilson can get through the extra session without a split in his party he will deserve high rank as a "peace maker." Once Mr. Clark and Mr. Underwood are re-elected speaker and majority leader of the house, respectively, and Senator Martin is elected majority leader in the senate, they will be less subject to his influence than they are today.

"Those Terrible Ear Noises Have Stopped"

"Those terrible Ear Noises have stopped" is what hundreds of letters are telling me. You remember that on Dec. 12th I offered 300 Treatments for Head Noises, Free, to Toledo Weekly Blade readers, and this is the happy result.

Head Noises! What a picture of intolerable suffering these words bring to mind. Reader, if you have Head Noises, I know well that no words of mine can describe the weary misery. But you are the one to appreciate the blessed relief in the words "My Head Noises have stopped," and these are the words which every day's mail brings me.

The joy and gratitude of the people who received the 300 free treatments offered in this paper last month has been so great and their appeals for friends so urgent that I am going to offer again.

200 TREATMENTS FREE

Think what it would mean to no longer suffer with these intolerable, roaring noises—the whistling—the escaping steam—the hum of insects—the buzzing—all the weary catalogue of sounds, which at times make you feel that they must stop, or you will go insane. Perhaps, too, your hearing is beginning to fail, but whether it has or not, you know in your heart of hearts that it will go and the voice of science warns you in unmistakable terms, if you have Head Noises, sooner or later, you will be deaf.

Here is your opportunity. Send for one of my Free Treatments and see my method which has cured hundreds in just your condition. Just drop me a note or a post card asking for a Treatment for Head Noises Free. You will never regret it.

This offer and talk is for YOU. Perhaps you have tried other things and become discouraged. Perhaps you have been told there is no help. Perhaps you are carelessly neglecting your case from day to day, thinking it will get well of itself.

Make just this small effort. Send for one of my Free Treatments. It won't cost you a penny. See this successful new treatment and the method which has cured many, many people with Head Noises just like yours.

Write today for Free Head Noises treatment.

DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROULE
43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. If, after you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 391, Alhambra Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapses. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U.S. medical authorities the only system known to permanently cure the FREE TEST TREATMENT

disease. Complete treatment, including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D. Dept. 5, Whetzel Bldg., 236 North 40th Ave., Chicago.

Davis Dyspepsia Capsules

ARE NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

for all forms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Try a box and be convinced. Guaranteed under the National Food Laws. Mailed to any address, postage prepaid, 50c and $1.00.

Davis Chemical Co., Gallitzin, Pa.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

can be relieved, and quickly too. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study and have hundreds of testimonials from persons who have used my remedy. Do not despair if others have failed. Send at once for a Free Bottle of my treatment. Give Express and Post-office Address. W. H. PEERE, F. D., 4 Cedar Street, New York.

People who are fond of buckwheat cakes are reminded that something at least equal, if not superior, to buckwheat flour is made from sorghum seed.

Catarrh and Asthma Lead To DANGER

PNEUMONIA, SORE THROAT, DEAFNESS, TONSILITIS, STOMACH TROUBLE, CONSUMPTION AND FOUL SMELLING BREATH

STOP IT NOW!

A FREE TRIAL

OF

Gorham's Wonderful Remedy

SHOULD CONVINCE YOU OF A CURE

Do you realize that Catarrh and Asthma when neglected lead to dangerous ailments? That consumption breeds in foul slimes of Catarrh and Asthma? This danger confronts every sufferer. If you are afflicted heed this warning before it is too late.

I want to send to every Catarrh and Asthma sufferer a FREE package of my Remedy. I consider it the most wonderful treatment for these ailments. It has been taken by thousands of Catarrh and Asthma sufferers, who state they owe their complete recovery to my Home Remedy. Mind you, I will send you a FREE trial, all charges paid by me, if you will but ask for it.

Do not allow these dreadful diseases to rob you of your health, strength and ambition, when you can cure yourself so easily, right in your own home, as thousands have done. A Catarrh sufferer is never welcome. Friends and acquaintances turn from him in disgust just because of his sickening foul breath and nauseating, hawking and spitting. You are entitled to your share of good health and pleasure. You can have it by filling out the attached coupon. Don't say to yourself that your disease cannot be cured. **Catarrh and Asthma are easly cured.** I will stand all expense to prove to you that you can rid yourself of your affliction, and obtain good health in so simple a way that you will wonder why you have suffered and been so wretched as long as you have.

You Must Cleanse the System of Impurities

My great Remedy does exactly this—relieves that awful dripping in the throat and heals scabs in the nose—frees you from those **racking coughs, foul breath, head noises, catarrh deafness, loss of taste and smell, sleepless nights, gasping for breath and nauseating, hawking and spitting.**

Below are a few names of people who have suffered terribly with Catarrh and Asthma, who state they have been cured by my Home Remedy. If space would only permit me, I would give you names of hundreds, yes thousands, of people who have suffered and who now state they are completely cured.

**Rev. Chas. Meyer, Wirth, Ark., J. F. Tyree, Somerset, Ky., Alice Lincoln, Madrid, Ia., S. S. Hershberber, Wineburg, O., Louis Koss, Sadorus, Ill., Martin Foster, Rodney, Mich., Chas. Mercer,

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You Can Try A Box Without A Penny

The Bodi-Tone Company wants you to try a full-sized box of Bodi-Tone at its own risk. We want you to see, feel, know and be sure of its powers before you pay for it or buy a penny's worth of Bodi-Tone. You must see what it does for you, must feel what it accomplishes in your own particular case, must know how its use benefits and corrects *your body*, before you pay. No matter what your ailment may be, we want you to try a box of Bodi-Tone in this way. No matter how old you are, no matter how long you have been sick, no matter what you have used without success, we are willing to send it to you, for you to try, without a penny from you. We don't care what doctors have told you, we don't care whether you have any confidence or belief in Bodi-Tone, we are glad to have you and *every sick, weak or worn-out man or woman in America* try it at our risk.

All you need do is send the coupon, which tells us you want to try Bodi-Tone, with your name and address, and we will mail a dollar box of Bodi-Tone to you, without a penny.

If you are tired of continual doctoring and bad health, if you are wearied of feeling you cannot depend on your body to act right and do its full duty, *you need Bodi-Tone right now,* and this offer gives you a chance to try it without risking a penny. You need it to seek out your weak spots and make them stronger, to stop the leaks which have been draining your vitality, to make your organs, nerves and muscles capable of giving you the right measure of strength, vigor, energy and full-blooded comfort your body should have. If you want to stop the use of medicine, if you want to quit the doctors, if you want to stop the strain and drain of continual dosing and drugging, send the coupon immediately for a dollar box on trial and *tone your body* and *make it healthy* with Bodi-Tone, for healthy bodies need no medicine. The decision is all left to you. *You judge for yourself,* in your own time, in your own home, and judge Bodi-Tone by what it does in your own body. Bodi-Tone wants you to take your own time, to see, feel and be sure, to know its work is making health, before you pay. *Your own word decides it.*

Bodi-Tone Does Just As Its Name Means

It cures disease by toning all the body, and we want to show you what it will do for *your* body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five of these tablets, enough for twenty-five days' use, and we send you the full box on trial, so you can try this this great remedy and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it *cures stubborn diseases* by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tone is a little word, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when all the functions are healthy and performed with natural vigor, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in proper tone. When disease has attacked any part, when lack of vitality is found and felt, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help to cure and restore. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick; this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and new strength, new vigor and new vitality.

Not a Patent Medicine

Bodi-Tone is not a Patent Medicine, for its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such ingredients guarantee its merit and efficiency.

When you use Bodi-Tone you know what you are using, know it is pure and safe and know you are taking the kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It contains nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies Nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Thus, Iron gives Life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the Kidneys and dissolves Rheumatic deposits, Gentian does invaluable work for the Stomach and digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membrane and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all the more valuable by bettering their quick absorption into the blood. Every one of these ingredients possesses characteristics most valuable in this common-sense plan of toning all the body. Each exerts a special action in some certain part, organ or function of the body that helps to bring the whole body *back to nature and to health.* Its method is right.

Natural Curatives To Make Natural Health

Each Bodi-Tone ingredient adds a needed element from nature to the body, for Bodi-Tone is altogether *a natural remedy.* Each has a certain work to do in the body and does it well, in a natural manner. They are used in Bodi-Tone because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering these valuable ingredients, each of which has a well-deserved place in established medical science. We claim only the credit for our successful Bodi-Tone formula, which is our own discovery, for the way in which we have *selected, proportioned and combined these great natural curatives,* and for the health-making work which Bodi-Tone has so well proven its ability to perform in the body. The curative forces which Bodi-Tone so ably uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body's health. Many are regularly prescribed by good physicians in combination with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among doctors of various schools. The *exact combination used in Bodi-Tone* is what gives the far-reaching and thorough curative and restorative power that makes possible the remarkable cures experienced by Bodi-Tone users, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies, and have won the gratitude of thousands.

No One Is Too Old To Use Bodi-Tone

This trial offer is open to all, freely, generously, without any age limit, for we are glad to prove at our risk how Bodi-Tone acts in ailments of the old as well as the young, to prove what it does for persons suffering from bodily weaknesses and ailments, whether from age or otherwise. Thousands of old men and women have sent for Bodi-Tone on trial, and found it put new flesh on their bones, new vigor in their minds, new vim in their muscles and new vitality into every vital function. If there is anything wrong in any part of your body, if any organ is acting in a way which you realize and know is not right, send for Bodi-Tone on this trial offer and give it a chance to set you right. If you do not feel right, eat right, sleep right, weigh right, work right and think right, now and all the time, put Bodi-Tone in command of your body for twenty-five days. Let it marshal your bodily forces, let it line them up and work them into shape, until all are marching along, straight, strong and harmoniously, in perfect time, tune and tone, for that is what Bodi-Tone is for and what it is doing for thousands. If the doctor's prescriptions and ordinary medicinal combinations have failed, let this scientific combination of special remedies show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women who had chronic ailments, who had used patent medicines and had doctored with their local doctors and out-of-town specialists, all without lasting benefit. It is because of its great work in these cases that all chronic sufferers and persons with obstinate diseases are invited to try a dollar box of Bodi-Tone at our risk.

Why Be A Slave To Bad Health?

Why remain in ill-health month after month, why allow your body to make you a slave to ills, humours, distress and discomforts, when it is so easy to procure a trial box of this home treatment that has restored thousands to vigorous health and glorious strength? Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking? Why keep on suffering, when by filling in your name and address on the trial coupon and mailing it to us, you can get a full twenty-five days treatment of this great remedy which people everywhere are praising and talking about. It just costs a two-cent stamp, and you don't need to pay a single penny for the medicine unless Bodi-Tone benefits you. You have all to win and nothing to lose, no matter what your ailment, by thus trying it.

Thousands of Cures

of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anaemia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have fully proven the power and great remedial value of Bodi-Tone in such disorders. Each one got a dollar box on trial, as we now offer to you.

Its history of success has proven beyond a shadow of doubt how the Bodi-Tone plan of *toning all the body* is a right plan that helps to *cure* these and other disorders, that it is a *real aid to nature.* Many who had for years been in poor health and had tried good doctors and most all the prominent medicines, have found that *one single box of Bodi-Tone* did more good than *all* other treatments combined. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent. Bodi-Tone does *more than cure the disturbing disease,* as hundreds of its cures have testified. Persons whom it has cured of Kidney trouble find something more than relief from pains in the back. Persons cured of Catarrh find much more than the stopping of Catarrhal annoyances. Men and women cured of Nervousness find other benefits than a mere quieting of the Nerves. *A change is found in the entire body, a better feeling is experienced throughout the whole system.* They find they can eat and sleep better, think better and work better, have more life, spirits and energy, because Bodi-Tone has toned the entire body to make the cure. This applies to all Bodi-Tone cures, no matter what the disease, for the principle is the same in all. Bodi-Tone cures conditions which are totally unlike, all in the same way, for the body in health has but one way to act—*Bodi-Tone goes to all the body and makes it well.*

Your Own Opinion Decides

You take absolutely no obligations to pay a penny unless it satisfies, nor to buy any medicine at any time. *We leave it all to you—your opinion decides it.* You will know if you feel better, if you are stronger, more vigorous and active, if your limbs and back do not pain you, if your stomach or kidneys do not trouble you, if your heart or liver does not bother you. You will surely know if your organs are acting better than they did before using Bodi-Tone, and if health is returning to your body. If you are not sure, don't pay. We don't ask for pay or dun you. You pay voluntarily or not at all.

Used It Three Years Ago For Constipation, Liver, Rheumatism

CAMP CREEK, W. VA.—I am thankful to say that Bodi-Tone has the right name, for it surely toned up my entire body. I sent for a trial box about three years ago, when I was afflicted with Constipation, Liver Trouble and Rheumatism. I had become so poorly that I could not do even half a day's work without being entirely broken down. I used four boxes of Bodi-Tone and it did me more good than all the other medicines I had used for ten years before. I had not used half of the four boxes when I felt a great change in my health. I have been stouter ever since I used Bodi-Tone than I had been for a number of years before. I am sixty-eight years old now, and can do as much work as I could twenty years ago. My good health ever since I used Bodi-Tone proves this medicine does genuinely permanent work in the body, for I give Bodi-Tone all the credit. I hope that all persons who are afflicted may try Bodi-Tone as I did and regain good health. J. G. JEWEL.

I Never Felt Better; My Aches and Pains Are Gone and I Am a Well Woman

IVANHOE, N. C.—I am twenty-eight years old, and since a child I suffered with Liver and Bladder ailments and Dyspepsia. My food disagreed with me so badly that often I could retain it but a short time. At times I would bloat very distressingly and my complexion would be the color of an orange. I would have to diet carefully to get any comfort. I have taken patent medicines and also medicines prescribed by the doctors, but none did me much good. I would merely get a little temporary relief. I was all run down, and weighed only 108 pounds. I saw the Bodi-Tone trial offer nearly a year ago and decided to give it a trial. In three days after I began taking it I could see a change for the better. I kept on taking it and must say I never felt better in my life. I can eat anything I want. My Stomach, which was in such a bad fix, is all right now. I weigh 147 pounds. All my aches and pains are gone and I am a well woman. MRS. W. T. LYERLY.

Had Asthma, Stomach And Bowel Trouble

HOT SPRINGS, S. DAK.—I have been afflicted with Asthma, Stomach and Bowel Trouble for years, the Asthma so bad during the last five years that I could hardly sleep at night. I tried much doctor's medicine and bought all kinds of powders and other stuff for the Asthma, but none of them ever cured me. I used smokes and smudges that put my Stomach out of order and I think poisoned my whole system. I lost my appetite and ran down in weight to 120 pounds. About seven months ago I saw the Bodi-Tone advertisement and sent for a trial box. It helped me and I sent for more. I used three boxes, and am so free of Asthma that I can almost forget that I ever had such an ailment. My Stomach is all right, I can eat anything that's good to eat, sleep well and have gained in weight. I don't need any medicine any more, but if ever I do I will know where to get the right kind of stuff to set the body right—straight from the Bodi-Tone Company. ALBERT ARRINGTON.

Her Father, a Doctor, Wrote Her About It

CAMP HILL, ALA.—My cure has helped to advertise Bodi-Tone here. I live in a small town of about 1100 inhabitants, and most everybody knows I had been in a serious condition from Female trouble, Indigestion and Nervousness. The doctor had been treating me for about seven months and it seemed that I could not get well. My father read about Bodi-Tone and wrote to me, advising me to take it. He was a doctor and thought it would be the very thing for me. My home doctor consented for me to try it, and he had to come back only one time afterwards, for I got out of bed and was doing my work in two weeks' time. I think it is the finest medicine in the world. When people ask me what I did to be cured so fast all I say is "Bodi-Tone did the work." I would be glad if everybody that is sick would take it, for words cannot express my thankfulness to Bodi-Tone. MRS. W. C. WRIGHT.

Limbs and Body Were Terribly Swollen

COOPER, TEXAS.—I was down with Muscular Rheumatism for nine long weeks and came very near dying. My physician pulled me through but when I got out of bed I was so weak I could hardly do anything. The Rheumatism had left me in such a condition that I was almost a physical wreck. My limbs and body were swollen terribly, and I was so nervous and so weak that I could not stand to do any kind of work, nor did I seem to get any better as time went on. I learned about Bodi-Tone and sent for a box to try. The swelling began to leave my body within a short time after I began its use and the nervousness and weakness gradually disappeared. I could ride and plow all day before I had used two boxes, and do all of my night work about the place without feeling the least worried. I feel like a different man since I began to use Bodi-Tone. W. N. ROGERS.

Rheumatism, Lumbago And Heart Trouble

MOUND CITY, KANSAS.—I suffered for over thirty years with Rheumatism and what the doctors pronounced Lumbago in my hips. The weakness was such that I could stand on my feet but a few minutes at a time. My Heart, too, was irregular and sometimes would skip beats. I was so nervous that I could hardly hold a cup of coffee without spilling it. I had no appetite and was all run down. My Kidneys were bad, for I had to get up several times during the night and could not sleep much. Sometimes the urine was scant and high-colored with brick-dust. My feet and ankles were badly swollen. Life seemed almost a burden, for I was past doing my housework all summer. I sent for Bodi-Tone and could see a change after I had used it a week. It is wonderful. I have gained fifteen pounds in weight and do all my work now, and it is a pleasure. I am so thankful I took Bodi-Tone, for I don't know what I would have done without it. MRS. CARRIE D. PRITCHETT.

Kidney, Bladder, Stomach And Heart Trouble

WAUSEON, OHIO.—Bodi-Tone has done wonders for me. Last Fall I was so run down that I could hardly get up and down. I doctored and received only temporary relief. I tried everything and had about made up my mind that there was no help. I could not eat and didn't seem to crave anything. Everyone thought I would not live through the Winter and I really thought so myself. My Kidneys and Bladder were so bad and my Stomach also. I had such weak spells with my Heart that it was not safe for me to start out to walk, as I could only stand on my feet a little while. My head was dizzy. I saw the Bodi-Tone advertisement and decided to try once more, and I began to use it. I have not felt so well for years as I do now, and I feel that Bodi-Tone has done wonders for me. I am in my seventy-second year and can do a day's work without suffering like I did for years. I don't expect to be young again, but I want to feel comfortable while I live, and Bodi-Tone has put my body in comfort. My wife has used it with good results also. Everyone is surprised to see me as I am now. They can all see what Bodi-Tone has done for me. A. SAMS.

Rheumatism From Neck To Ankles, With a Bad Cough

LANTANA, TENN.—I had Rheumatism for twenty-five years from my Neck to my Ankles, a bad case of Catarrh of the Head for about twenty years and a very bad Stomach for about five years. Everything I ate distressed me. I took medicine from the doctor all last summer. I had a terrible swimming in my head for four years, and last winter I took a terrible cough and spit up quantities of mucous, which the doctors said was Bronchial Asthma. They doctored me all winter with but little benefit. I saw Bodi-Tone advertised and sent for a trial box, and I got my cure from this medicine. I am stouter this winter than I have been in thirty years and believe I am entirely cured of all my troubles. I have gained thirty-two pounds since taking Bodi-Tone and can walk ten miles in a day. I work in the house and out-of-doors and do most anything a woman could do. I am sixty years old. I owe all my good health to Bodi-Tone and believe it saved my life. MRS. EMILY DRIVER.

A Trial Proves It

Judge Bodi-Tone's power by its cures. Its work is to restore the human body to a high state of efficiency, and its remarkable cures prove how well it does it. Each one of these strong, virile, rich-blooded men and women whose experience is given on this page is a living, breathing, walking and talking example of the power of Bodi-Tone in the diseased, debilitated and run-down body. When you read how it acts, when you see what it does for others, when you see how it destroys the roots of disease, how it builds up, repairs, renews, cures and restores for persons like these whose likenesses you see herein, it tells you what to do to get the health you seek. The work Bodi-Tone does is real, certain and genuine, for none other could cure so many and difficult ailments, cures of which these men and women are living examples, and a trial proves it.

TRIAL COUPON

Clipped from Toledo Blade

Bodi-Tone Company, Hoyne & North Aves., Chicago.

I have read your offer of a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days' trial and ask you to send me a box by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and will send you $1.00 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever used it.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

Husband and Wife Trial Offer When this trial offer is read in a home where husband and wife are both ailing and need Bodi-Tone, we will send TWO BOXES on trial, with the understanding that each will use a box and pay us $1.00 each if benefited. In such cases this coupon should be signed with the husband's name, followed by the words "and wife." Write name in this way and we will know *two boxes are wanted for husband and wife,* which is the only way we ever send two boxes on trial.

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generally bearish tone in the foreign news and the present largely professional character of the market resulted in an easier tone in wheat values during the early trading. There were no developements to stimulate the courage of bulls. Rather the opinion was prevalent that yesterday's reaction would extend further, temporarily. Trading was unusually quiet. Cash and December opened ¼c off and during the first half hour lost another ¼c. May was ½c lower and July ½c down.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low	Close Dec. 28.	Close Dec. 27.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.12¼	1.12¼	1.12	1.12	1.12½
Dec.	1.12½	1.12¼	1.12	1.12	1.12½
May	1.18¼	1.18¼	1.18¼	1.18¼	1.18¾
July	94⅞	96⅛	95	95	95
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	50½	50½
Dec.	50½	50½	50½	50½	50½
May	50⅞	50⅛	50	50	50⅛
July	51⅛	51¼	51	51	51¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	35¼	35½
Dec.	35½	35½	35½	35½	35½
May	35½	35⅝	35⅝	35½	35⅝
Clover seed—					
Cash	11.67½	11.67½	11.67½	11.67½	11.60
Dec.	11.67½	11.67½	11.67½	11.67½	11.60
March	11.75	11.77½	11.75	11.77½	11.70
Feb.	11.75	11.77½	11.75	11.77½	11.70
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	64	64
Alsike—					
Prime	12.90	....	....	12.90	12.90
Dec.	12.90	....	....	12.90	12.90
March	13.00	....	....	13.00	13.00
Timothy—					
Prime	1.95	....	....	1.92½	1.95
Dec.	1.95	....	....	1.92½	1.95
March	2.05	....	....	2.02½	2.05
Feb.	2.00	....	....	1.97½	2.00

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	85¾	86	85⅝	85⅝	86
May	91½	91⅝	91	91⅛	91⅜
July	88½	88⅝	88⅜	88⅛	88⅜
Corn—					
Dec.	47¼	47¼	47	47¼	47½
May	48¼	48¼	48	48¼	48
July	49	49	48⅝	48¾	49
Oats—					
Dec.	32¼	32⅜	32¼	32⅜	32⅝
May	32⅝	32⅝	32⅜	32⅜	32⅝
July	33	33	32⅞	32⅞	33
		ST. LOUIS.			
Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	90⅜	91⅛
May	....	....	....	92⅜	93
		MINNEAPOLIS.			
Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	81⅛	81⅛
May	....	....	....	83⅜	85⅝
		DULUTH.			
Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	82¼	82¾
May	....	....	....	84¼	84¼
		CHICAGO PROVISIONS.			
Pork—					
Jan.	17.55	17.55	17.32	17.40	17.62
May	17.97	17.97	17.82	17.85	18.00
Lard—					
Jan.	9.70	9.70	9.62	9.62	9.75
May	9.75	9.75	9.70	9.70	9.85
Ribs—					
Jan.	9.55	9.55	9.50	9.50	9.60
May	9.62	9.62	9.60	9.60	9.67

New York Produce.

New York, Dec. 28.—Flour, dull, but steady; spring patents, $4.40@4.65; winter straights, $4.45@4.55; spring clears, $4.15@4.45; winter extra No. 2, $3.85@4.05; winter patents, $4.65@5.00; winter extras No. 1, $4.00@4.15; Kansas straights, $4.00@4.10. Owing to bearish cables and large northwest receipts, wheat was a shade lower this morning: May, 97 3-16@97¼c. Beef, firm; mess, $20.00@21.00; family, $24.00@25.00; beef hams, $30.00@32.00. Pork, steady; mess, $19.00@19.25; family, $22.00@23.00; short clear, $22.00@24.00. Lard, steady; middle west, $10.00@10.10. Raw sugar, steady; Muscovado, 89 test, 3.42c; centrifugal, 96 test, 3.92c; molasses sugar, 89 test, 3.17c; refined steady; crushed, 5.60c; granulated, fine, 4.90c; powdered, $5.00. Petroleum, steady; refined, barrels, $8.50. Molasses, steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 35@55c. Rice, quiet; Standard, $1.05; No. 1, $1.02½; No. 2, $1.00@1.02½; No. 3, 80@85c. Hides, easy; Bogota, 20@28c; Central America, 27½c. Leather, firm; hemlock, firsts, 28@29c; seconds, 27@28c; thirds, 24@25c; rejects, 19@20c.

Butter steady; receipts, 4,854 tubs; process extras, 26½@27c. Cheese steady and unchanged; receipts, 390 boxes; no exports. Eggs firm and unchanged; receipts, 5,080. Dressed poultry firm; fresh killed western chickens, 12@19c; fowls, 12@15c; turkeys, 14@23c.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, Dec. 28.—Eggs—Fresh gathered, current receipts, 30c a dozen; do seconds, 20c; refrigerator extras, 20c; do firsts, 18½c. Poultry—Alive, fowls, fat, 14@14½c a pound; fat springers, 14@14½c; light chickens, 12c; ducks, 16@17c; geese, 15@17c; turkeys, 20@21c; guinea fowls, old, 25@30c each; guinea fowls, young, 40@45c each; poultry, dressed, 14@2c above live. Potatoes—Jobbing, 60@65c a bu.; store, 65c; carlots, 55@58c; New Bermudas, $8.00 a barrel. Butter—Creamery, extras, 26½@27c a pound; prints, 27@28½c; process, extras, 22@23½c; firsts, 31@31½c; dairy, fancy, 28@28½c; do choice, 25@26½c; packing stock, No. 1, 23½@24½c; No. 2, 21@22c. Cheese—American, whole milk, fancy twins and flats, 19@20c a pound; do choice, 18@18½c; brick, fancy, 19@20c; choice, 17@18c; Swiss, fancy new, 23@24c; do choice, 21@22c; limburger, fancy, 18c; do choice, 18c; brick, 20@21c; imported, fancy, 33@34c; do choice, 31@32c; hand cheese, 80 cents a box; Roquefort, 45 cents a pound. Apples—Ohio, $3@3.50 per bu.; western, $2@4.50 box, $1.00@1.75; bulk, 75@$1.00 a hundred pounds.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Dec. 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 500; market steady; beeves, $5.70@9.50; Texas steers, $4.60@5.80; western steers, $5.75@7.00; stockers and feeders, $4.00@7.40; cows and heifers, $2.75@7.50; calves, $8.50@10.00. Hogs—Receipts, 23,000; market slow and 10c lower; light, $7.05@7.42½; mixed, $7.10@7.50; heavy, $7.05@7.50; rough, $7.05@7.20; pigs, $5.25@7.20; bulk of sales, $7.20@7.45. Sheep—Receipts, 2,000; market slow and weak; native, $4.20@5.50; western, $4.25@5.50; yearlings, $6.00@7.20; lambs, native, $6.10@8.65; western, $6.45@8.85.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 100; steady. Veals—Receipts, 25; active; $4.00@12.50. Hogs—Receipts, 2,400; active and steady; heavy and mixed, $7.75@7.80; yorkers and pigs, $7.75@7.80; roughs, $6.90@7.00; stags, $5.50@6.50; dairies, $7.65@7.80. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,600; active; lambs, $5.00@9.35; yearlings, $4.50@7.75; wethers, $5.00@5.50; ewes, $2.50@4.75; sheep, mixed, $3.50@5.00.

Cotton.

New York, Dec. 28.—Cotton—Futures opened locally steady; December, 12.65c; January, 12.61c; March, 12.55c; May, 12.53c; July, 12.47c August, 12.36c offered; October, 11.68c.

The cotton market opened barely steady at an advance of 2 points on December, but generally 3 to 4 points lower under renewed scattering liquidation and active Wall street selling. Offerings were heavy and aggressive right after the call, and prices soon broke to a net loss of from 9 to 10 points. Lower cables contributed to the selling movement, but there was no change in the character of southern spot advices, and active profit-taking by recent sellers checked the decline later in the morning, with prices showing rallies of 3 or 4 points from the lowest toward 11 o'clock.

The cotton market closed steady on covering, with last prices 2 points lower to 3 points net higher. Estimated receipts of cotton at all the ports today, 50,000 bales against 64,562 last week and 85,967 last year; for the week, 275,000 bales against 262,514 last week and 376,148 last year; today's receipts at Galveston, 18,502 bales against 19,698 last year; at New Orleans, 11,226 against 22,833 last year, and at Houston, 11,018 against 9,219 last year.

Cotton futures closed steady. Closing bids: December, 12.50c; January, 12.60c; February, 12.50c; March, 12.53c; April, 12.56c; May, 12.59c; June, 12.51c; July, 12.51c; August, 12.39c September, 11.85c; October, 11.73c. Spot closed quiet; middling uplands, 13.10c; middling gulf, 13.35c; no sales.

COFFEE

New York, Dec. 28.—Coffee futures opened barely steady at a decline of 15 to 16 points under a renewal of more or less general liquidation or bear pressure inspired by a sharp break in Europe, lower primary markets, easier cost and freight offers, reports of small failure in Santos, and reports of failures in the coffee trade in Boston and Dayton, Ohio. Prices rallied slightly during the middle of the morning on covering, but weakened again with the close steady, but at a net decline of 15 to 20 points. Sales, 50,250. December, 13.08c; January, 13.10c; February, 13.15c; March, 13.40c; April, 13.33c; May, 13.66c; June, 13.72c; July, 13.78c; August, 13.85c; September, October and November, 13.90c. Spot nominal; Rio, 7s 13¾d. Santos, 4s 14¾d. Mild coffee quiet; Cordova nominal. Havre, 1¾ franc lower. Hamburg, 1@1½ pfg. lower. Rio, 75 reis lower at 7, $600; $925. Santos is 100 reis lower at 7, $800; 7s 150 reis lower at 7, $100. Brazilian port receipts, 44,000 against 17,000 last year. Jundiahy receipts, 21,000 against 7,000 last year. Today's Santos cable reported market 100 reis lower at 7, $700 for 4s.

LIVERPOOL COTTON

Liverpool, Dec. 28.—Cotton spot, quiet; prices easier; American middling, fair, 7.05d; good middling, 7.01d; middling, 7.11d; low middling, 6.93d; good ordinary, 6.47d; ordinary, 5.93d. Sales, 5,000 bales, of which 300 were for speculation and export and included 2,800 American. Receipts, 54,000 bales, including 50,500 American. Futures opened easier and closed quiet; December, 6.85d; December and January, 6.84d; January and February, 6.79d; February and March, 6.77½d; March and April, 6.76½d; April and May, 6.75d; May and June, 6.73½d; June and July, 6.71½d; July and August, 6.69d; August and September, 6.67½d; September and October, 6.35½d; October and November, 6.30d.

Read the Classified Opportunities column on Page 8—this issue.

Federal Grand Jury Finds Ironworkers Guilty.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 28.—Thirty-eight labor union officials today were found "guilty" of complicity in the McNamara dynate plots, including ing of the Los Angeles Times building.

Frank M. Ryan, president of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, was among those convicted. He. with others, were accused of using the union's funds to destroy the property of contractors who refused to recognize the union.

Two defendants were found "not guilty," Daniel Buckley, of Davenport, Iowa, and Herman G. Seifert, of Milwaukee.

Guilty on All Counts.

The verdicts were brought in at 10 a. m.

All those adjudged guilty were found guilty on all the counts as charged in the indictments.

The jury was discharged and court adjourned until 10 a. m. Monday, at which time sentences will be imposed.

Seiffert and Buckley, the only two men out of the 40 labor union officials to be adjudged not guilty, immediately were discharged from custody.

Sustain Government Charge.

The convictions of Olaf T. Tveitmoe and Eugene A. Clancy, of San Francisco, and J. E. Munsey, of Salt Lake City, sustained the government's charges that they aided in plotting the Los Angeles explosion in which 21 persons were killed and assisted in the escape of James B. McNamara in his flight from the scene of that crime.

By its verdict the jury also sustained the charges that McNamara brothers, now in prison in California, were aided in the nation-wide dynamite plots by almost the executive officials of the Iron Workers' Union and that they knowingly carried on the conspiracy for years by causing explosive to be transported on passenger trains.

As head of the union of 12,000 members, President Ryan once sat in the councils of the American Federation of Labor.

Tveitmoe, of San Francisco, was charged with not only supplying two men to assist in blowing up the Los Angeles Times building, but also with having asked for more explosions on the Pacific coast. He is secretary of the California Building Trades Council, and editor and a recognized leader in labor circles on the coast.

Hocking Called Betrayer.

Also at the head of those found guilty is Herbert S. Hockin, called "the Iago of the conspiracy," because he was charged with first initiating Ortie E. McManigal as a hired dynamiter and then with betraying all the dynamiters to promote his own ambition. It was he who, once secretary of the International Union, "whispered into the ear of Detective Burns the names of the Los Angeles Times dynamiters."

John T. Butler, vice president of the Iron Workers, also was convicted, being branded by the court as "a perjurer" after he had denied that McNamara was drawing $1,000 a month to pay for dynamitings.

One Woman Collapses.

An almost tragic scene took place in the court room in the few minutes following the end of the trial.

As United States Marshal Edward Schmidt ordered the prisoners, one by one, to step before the court, the wives of a score of the men, in the rear of the room, leaned pitifully over the railings, calling for their husbands.

Mrs. Frank J. Higgins, of Boston, leaned far over the railing and collapsed. She had been crying hysterically.

Another disposition was shown by Mrs. John H. Barry, of St. Louis. With a smile, she threw her arms about her husband, begging him to have courage. "Be of good cheer, John," she said. "You cannot expect a severe punishment."

Pays His Attorney.

As soon as his name was called, Frank K. Painter, of St. Louis, pulled a stickpin out of his necktie and his purse out of his pocket and handed them to one of his attorneys.

James Cooney, one of the Chicago prisoners, sat with outward calm, reading a newspaper, while the verdicts were being read and threw down the paper only when his name was called to step before the court.

Possible punishments vary from any minimum to a maximum of 39 and one-half years in the discretion of the court.

The Charges.

Each prisoner as found guilty stands convicted of having in one instance joined a conspiracy to commit an offense against the United States government, this being punishable by ...ment or a fine of ... Each prisoner also ...f 25 charges of illegal ...tion of explosives on interstate ...assenger trains, each of ...ing punishable by an imprisonment of 18 months or a $2,000 fine or both.

While the cumulated possible punishments are 39 and one-half years, the court intimated in the course of the trial he would impose sentences in accordance with the degree of guilt.

All the overt acts were charged as being related to the series of dynamite and nitroglycerin explosions, including those on the Pacific coast as well as those in New England, which were directed against "open shop" structural iron and steel contractors, against whom a strike was called by the International Iron Workers' Union in 1905.

After receiving their sentences the prisoners are to be taken to a federal prison, probably at Leavenworth, Kan. A special train probably will be used.

The end of the historic trials came at 10 a. m., the jury having been out since Thursday at 5 p. m.

At that time the jurors entered Judge Albert B. Anderson's court room, passed before the 40 men on trial, and indicating the importance of what they were about to reveal only by intensely pale faces, sat down. The sobbing of women was heard from that part of the room where the wives of the defendants sat.

A bundle of white papers was passed from the jury box to Clerk Noble C. Butler. On those papers was written liberty or imprisonment for many more men than are usually tried by one jury.

Back in the rear of the court room the suppressed sobbing again suggested agitation.

The first name was Ryan. Clerk Butler pronounced it and cleared his throat.

"Guilty," he read; "we find the defendant Ryan guilty as charged in the indictment."

Then began the further reading of the brief message which pronounced one by one the fate of the other defendants.

About 30 wives with almost as many children are separated from their husbands by the verdicts. While the scene was being enacted in the court room, the 4-year-old son of William C. Bernhardt, of Cincinnati, one of the defendants, was playing in the lobby with a red-painted toy engine which he had received for Christmas.

Whole Staff Convicted.

Almost the entire staff of executive officials of the iron workers' union was convicted. The only officials not on trial were J. E. McClorr, Cleveland, now secretary, and Ed. Lewis, San Francisco, a member of the executive board.

Immense crowds assembled in the streets about the federal building when the verdicts were being returned and, when the prisoners were brought out, each handcuffed between two deputy marshals the streets became so clogged that police had to force the people back.

As they emerged handcuffed on the top steps of the building with gray haired Frank Ryan, his face seamed with care, in their lead, the group of prisoners stood between two colossal marble statues representing Liberty and Justice. The scene was bathed in a golden winter sunlight. The crowds looked up, but were silent.

Any motions by the defense will be made Monday morning, when sentences will be imposed. William A. Gray, Philadelphia, counsel for Michael J. Cunnane, said no attempt to get bail would be made today as he believed it would be useless. He said, however, that an appeal on a writ of error would be made Monday and that bail, pending the hearing of the appeal, would be requested.

Cases Dropped.

Since the trial began on October 1, eight defendants had been dismissed on the ground that no cases existed against them. At the opening of the trial those discharged were:

Patrick Ryan, Chicago; J. W. Irwin, Peoria, Ill., and Andrew J. Kavanaugh, Springfield, Ill.

On December 2, when the government rested its case, the following were discharged:

John R. Carroll, Syracuse, N. Y.; Moulton H. Davis, Westchester, Pa.; William K. Benson, Detroit, and Spurgeon P. Meadows, Indianapolis.

On December 17, Clarence E. Dowd, Rochester, N. Y., formerly of Detroit, was discharged on motion of the defense.

ASSAULTS PASTOR WITH BIBLE

Cassel, Dec. 27.—During the Christmas service at a Lutheran church here, a workman named Reithagen became provoked at the utterance of the pastor on the subject of the equality of all men and picked up a heavy Bible from the pew, hurled it at the preacher's head.

His aim was accurate and the book struck the clergyman on the head, cutting a deep gash, which bled so profusely that he had to be carried from the pulpit. Reithagen was arrested and locked up for the night. He was arraigned in court today and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

WINCHESTER

SELF-LOADING SHOTGUN

Absolutely positive action; divided recoil; ability to shoot light or heavy loads without adjustment of mechanism; absence of projections or exposed moving parts to catch in clothing or brush or injure hands; absence of screws and pins to collect rust or dirt or work loose; two-part, simple take down and no loose parts—these are some of the valuable features that make the Winchester Self-Loading Shotgun superior to others of similar type. It is a 12 gauge, and weighs only about 7¾ pounds. Can be used as a repeater or single loader at will. All metal parts are made of nickel steel, which has about double the strength of the steel used in shotguns of other makes. Investigate.

Send for circular to Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Connecticut.

A GUN UNEXCELLED FOR DUCK SHOOTING

Great American Political Mystery

Trenton, N. J., Dec. 27.—Here's a group photograph of the great American Political Mystery. Only two men in the world know the answer and they are the two herewith presented arm in arm like brothers of the blood. The picture was snapped here last week upon the occasion of the conference between President-elect Woodrow Wilson and the Commoner, William J. Bryan, who made him President. The mystery still unsolved is as to Bryan's status in the new administration. Has he been offered a place in the cabinet of the new President, and if so what position? And if he has been offered a place what will he do with the offer or what has he already done wtih the offer?

List of the Guilty and the Sentences

Following are the names of the men who were sentenced to federal prison Monday in the dynamite conspiracy case:

Frank M. Ryan, president of the Iron Workers' union, seven years.
John T. Butler, Buffalo, vice president, six years.
Herbert S. Hockin, former secretary and formerly of Detroit, six years.
Olaf V. Tveitmoe, San Francisco, secretary of the California Building Trades Council, six years.
Eugene A. Clancy, San Francisco, six years.
Phillip A. Cooley, New Orleans, six years.
Frank J. Higgins, Boston, six years.
J. E. Munsey, Salt Lake City, Utah, six years.
John H. Barry, St. Louis, four years.
Paul J. Morrin, St. Louis, three years.
Henry W. Legleitner, Denver, three years.
Charles N. Beum, Minneapolis, three years.
Michael J. Cunnane, Philadelphia, three years.
Richard H. Houlihan, Chicago, two years.
William Shupe, Chicago, one year and one day.
Edward Smythe, Peoria, three years.
James E. Ray, Peoria, one year and one day.
Murray L. Pennell, Springfield, Ill., three years.
William C. Bernhardt, Cincinnati, one year and one day.
Wilford Bert Brown, Kansas City, Mo., three years.
Frank K. Painter, Omaha, two years.
Peter J. Smith, Cleveland, four years.
George Anderson, Cleveland, three years.
Michael J. Hannon, Scranton, Pa., three years.
Edward E. Phillips, Syracuse, N. Y., one year and one day.
Charles Wachtmeister, Detroit, one year and one day.
Ernest G. W. Basey, Indianapolis, three years.
Fred Sherman, Indianapolis, two years.
Frank C. Webb, New York, six years.
Fred J. Mooney, Duluth, one year and one day.
William J. McCain, Kansas City, three years.
William E. Reddin, Milwaukee, three years.

Sentences on the following were suspended: Patrick F. Farrell, New York; James Cooney, Chicago; James Coughlin, Chicago; Hiram R. Kline, Muncie, Ind.; Frank J. Murphy, Detroit, Mich.

On motion of the government Edward Clark, Cincinnati, confessed dynamiter who testified for the government, was given a suspended sentence.

BOTTICELLI COMES TO U. S.

London, Dec. 28.—The morning Post announces that the Duveens have sold Botticelli's "Last Communion of St. Jerome" to a well known American collector at a very high price. The picture has twice been offered to the nation, first at $25,000 and then at $40,000.

PORTER KILLS BANDIT

Shoots Negro Who Attempts to Rob Express Safe.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 24.—To Walter Daniels, a negro porter of Kansas City, should go the credit for saving the valuable consignments in the "through safe" in the express car of St. Louis and San Francisco train No. 112, Oklahoma City to Kansas City, which was held up near Chandler, Okla., last night, according to passengers on the train which arrived here today. Daniels shot and killed the negro bandit while the latter was in the act of robbing the express car.

According to passengers, the robber got on the train as it left Chandler about 9 o'clock. He first entered the chair car where he robbed the conductor and compelled him to lead the way to the express car. The robber had forced the express messenger and conductor to open a small safe containing little of value, and was trying to force them to open the large safe when Daniels, who had obtained a revolver from a passenger, shot him in the back. W. S. Gordon, a private detective, reinforced the porter and 18 shots were fired before the negro lay still. The body, unidentified, was taken back to Chandler.

BLAST TRIAL COST U. S. $51,000

Mass of Evidence Presented in Thirteen Weeks Takes Score of Stenographers.

Indianapolis, Dec. 28.—The trial of 40 alleged dynamite conspirators, which ended in federal court today, in the opinion of those familiar with the courts and with the history of noteworthy cases, has proved itself to be the greatest ever held in the United States from the standpoint of the mass of evidence produced and the comparatively short time within which to lay it before the jury.

This is the thirteenth week of the trial and Uncle Sam has paid out solely because of this trial a total of about $51,000. Of this, $32,000 has been paid to witnesses, 546 of whom came from all parts of the United States, one from Panama and one from Hawaii in response to subpenas of the government. Four hundred and ninety-nine were put on the stand.

664 Witnesses Used.

The defense used 165 witnesses. The aggregate of witnesses for both government and defense thus has been 664.

Seventy-five hotel registers were used. The copies of the Bridgemen's Magazine, the official organ of the union for six years, are in evidence. The books and reports of the iron workers have been produced. There are telegrams, waybills, express records, postal records and other documentary exhibits, infernal machines, nitroglycerin cans, fuse, photographs of dynamite and other exhibits. The record of the case embraces 30,000 typewritten pages, of which 17,000 relate to the oral testimony. At times nearly 100 persons have been employed by the government in the trial of the dynamite cases.

Score Employed on Records.

Rowland C. Evans, official court reporter who is in charge of the work of keeping the record of the case has had nine persons employed at all times since the case began. At times Evans' stenographic force has reached 20 for a few days. This does not include a stenographic force of from six to 10 used at the offices of United States District Attorney Miller.

125,000 ON A STRIKE

New York Garment Workers Tie Up 4,000 Factories.

New York, Dec. 30.—Men and women garment workers, estimated to number 125,000, went on strike in New York today, tying up approximately 4,000 factories. They demand higher pay and better working conditions.

Mass meetings of the strikers began as early as 4 a. m., and at daylight, in a drizzling rain, picket squads of 12 had been posted at all the factories affected. In each squad were at least two women. There are about 1,000 pickets at work.

Forty-five halls throughout the city have been engaged by the strikers for gathering places. Violence has been discountenanced by the leaders and the walkout was peaceful.

The strike is confined at present to th emakers of men's and boys' clothing. Of the 125,000 workers in this industry, there are about 40,000. It was declared today, however, that the ladies' garment workers' union was also at work organizing its forces for the demand of an extension to other branches of a peace agreement signed two years ago and that a strike of 70,000 more workers would be called to enforce the demands.

RED KITTY IN LONDON SHOW

First of That Color Amazes Fanciers and Gains Supreme Prize.

London, Dec. 24.—A feature of the National Cat show, which opened at the Crystal Palace, is a red kitten, the like of which was never seen on exhibition before. It belongs to Mrs. H. Cook and is most deservedly judged the best cat in the show, which is no small honor, seeing that 400 cats of all sorts, shapes, sizes and colors are benched.

MAY INTERVENE IN RUBBER CRIMES

U. S. May Be Forced to Act Upon Peruvian Atrocities.

Washington, Dec. 24.—Stuart Fuller, United States consul who has been investigating alleged atrocities in the rubber forests in the Putumayo district, Peru, reached Washington yesterday and made a verbal report to officials of the state department.

The best information available here is that Mr. Fuller found many living witnesses of brutal treatment.

Finds Maimed Witnesses.

Men and women cruelly maimed and children crippled for life were found, it is said, but the testimony obtained, it is stated, indicates that the disclosures have resulted in a change in methods.

The alleged outrages against the Indians, which are said to equal, if not exceed those practiced in the Congo district, which excited the indignity and protest of the civilized world, eventually may assume the importance of an issue with the British government.

America May Intervene.

In the opinion of some officials, the Monroe Doctrine may have to be appealed to before humane conditions can be introduced into the secluded rubber forests. There is no question of the authority of the British government, if it will exercise it over the British company, but inasmuch as among the stockholders of the company there are numbered persons of nobility and influence in Great Britain that government may be embarrassed if it presses the company.

On the other hand, the establishment of the British colony may be given a political aspect in the view of this government, since the Monroe Doctrine prohibits the acquisition of territory upon this hemisphere by European governments. The delicacy of the problem lies in the fact that it may be difficult to establish that any acquisition of territory is involved. If the Monroe Doctrine is not found adequate to meet the case then this government may find its commission for interposing on the ground that it is acting in behalf of humanity.

In 1896 the rubber possibilities of the region were first discovered and the concession was given to Arana Brothers. The district is inhabited by a harmless, peaceful race of Indians, who were employed in tapping the trees and collecting the sap. According to the reports a campaign of most wasteful exploitation followed in which the Indians were reduced to a state of slavery and all means, no mater how atrocious, were resorted to for the purpose of swelling the receipts of the company.

Torture Even Children.

Not only men, but women and children, were expected to furnish their quota of sap from the forests and when they failed they were made to suffer the most horrible torture. About 1905 the concesion was sold to the Peruvian Amazon Ca., a British concern of reputable standing. No information has been made public to disclose whether the officials of that company had accurate knowledge of the means which their agents employed to produce results, but the atrociites continue dunder the British company.

It is asserted that kerosene was poured over the bodies of men and women to be ignited as a pastime; others were burned at the stake, it is charged. Flogging was common, and suspension by twisted arms was among the tortures inflicted.

Remarkable Eye Remedy.

IS YOUR EYESIGHT DEFECTIVE? or have you sore or painful eyes? Then investigate "Actina." $9,000 now in use. FOURTEEN DAYS FREE TRIAL offered in all cases. Write for VALUABLE BOOK containing the best of references. Actina Appliance Co., 604 R. Curtice Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.—Advertisement.

TRAMP GIRL TAKEN OFF TRAIN

Found in Milwaukee Crouched Behind Tender of Engine.

Milwaukee, Dec. 27.—A "tramp girl," Maud Johnson, 22 years old, of Memphis, Tenn., was taken from the blind baggage of a Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad train arriving from St. Paul yesterday. The girl was found crouched behind the tender of the engine, and when taken down by a detective was numb with cold. She wore a boy's hat and a heavy coat.

EIGHT KILLED IN BOILER BLAST

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 28.—Three white men and five negroes were killed and several negroes are missing as the result of the explosion of a boiler at the shops of the Seaboard Air Line railroad at Hemlet, N. C., today.

The dead include: C. D. Utter, general foreman; W. T. Utter, assistant foreman; H. G. Reynolds, electrician, all white.

The explosion was caused by turning water into a boiler while it was hot. The walls of the engine room were demolished and the roof blown off the machine shop.

A large number of men were employed in the shops and it is considered remarkable that the casualty list was not larger.

MORGAN GIVES $10,000

Hears Dentist's Story of a Poor Washerwoman.

New York, Dec. 26.—A story which men of the financial district told at their Christmas dinner had J. P. Morgan, a dentist and a washerwoman as its principals.

Mr. Morgan was in a dentist's chair, it was related, suffering considerable pain, for the relief of which the dentist told the financier of the destitution of his wife's washerwoman.

"Her husband died and left her 13 children, only five of them being large enough to work," said the dentist, who kept on with his work and continued the hard luck narrative in detail.

The next day the dentist received a letter which is quoted as follows:

"Dear Doctor:—You hurt me like the devil yesterday, but your vivid story about the widow and her 13 children helped some. Inclosed find my check for $10,000, which please turn over to the washerwoman and tell her for me that she was a fool ever to have 13 children."

PEACE ENVOYS UNRULY

Each Side Declares Others' Demands Preposterous.

London, Dec. 27.—The peace envoys both of the Balkan States and of Turkey have adopted the attitude of intractability which was anticipated toward their opponents' proposed terms of settlement. Each side declares that the others' demands are preposterous.

Third parties who are in touch with both groups of negotiators share this opinion and intimate that a period of whittling is necessary to transform the proposals and counter-proposals into such shape as will enable the peace conference, assisted by the friendly pressure of the powers, to strike a bargain. This, it is thought, will occur in due time.

As a matter of fact, the proposal of the Balkan allies, by which they would come into possession of the coast of the Sea of Marmora, is regarded as quite as impossible of achievement as is the Turkish demand that the Ottoman empire be allowed to maintain a suzerainty over the coast of the Aegean Sea, including the ciyt of Saloniki.

The powers, it is pointed out, would promptly veto the project of the allies, which would, if carried into effect, give Bulgaria practical control of the Dardanelles.

MORGAN MAKES RECORD SPEECH

Says Three Words, but That's Something for Him.

New York, Dec. 24.—Members of the New England Society were declaring today that J. P. Morgan made a speech of record length to them at the 107th annual festival of the society late last night, when he spoke only three words. They were the simple Anglo-Saxon: "I thank you," but it was regarded as a record, since Mr. Morgan is so much more celebrated as a listener than a talker at large dinners. The financier delivered his "address" when it was announced that he had been elected an honorary member of the New England society. As a response he received a " hip hip hooray" from the 500 diners standing, and he was obviously pleased with the demonstration.

CETONE GETS 3 YEARS

Senator Hears His Sentence Without a Quiver.

Columbus, Dec. 24.—State Senator George K. Cetone, of Dayton, recently convicted of accepting a bribe of $200, from a private detective, for his vote on the Cetone-Whittemore insurance bill, while a member of the legislature, today was denied his motion for a new trial and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary by Judge Marcus Evans.

Judge Evans suspended sentence for 20 days to allow Senator Cetone's attorneys to appeal the case to the circuit court.

Senator Cetone received his sentence in the same calm manner with which he received the jury's verdict of guilty.

Senator Cetone is the third state legislator to be sentenced to the penitentiary for alleged bribery during the last session of the general assembly. Senators Huffman and Andrews have been sentenced and probably will begin their sentence the latter part of this or next week.

Representative George B. Nye, who pleaded guilty and turned state's evidence, probably will not be sentenced until after he has testified before the grand jury in the January term of court.

QUEEN BEATS A KING

Ambition of Bulgarian Czar Crushed by Helena.

Rome, Dec. 26.—All is not peace and harmony among the four kings who have been tickling the toes of the Turk in the Balkan war. Ferdinand of Bulgaria would be Emperor of the Balkans. So sure was he of this desired consummation of the campaign in Thrace that he ordered from a famous Venetial art firm a mosaic portrait of his consort and himself as "Emperor and Empress of the Balkans."

It was the brief news paragraph which chronicled this order that came close to disrupting the "Holy Alliance" of 1912.

The king of the Greeks liked not the idea of salaaming to the sophist of Sofia. The queen of the Greeks liked the prospect still less, and a hint was conveyed to the Czar of the Bulgarians that he had better whisk away the buzzing imperial bees. If the truth were known the rulers of Greece cherished the same dreams of an imperial court in the capital of Constantinople's Byzantium.

Sig. Bertolini has taken over the administration of the conquored provinces of Tripoli and Cyrenaica as the first Italian minister of the colonies. He goes to this difficult task well prepared.

As a deputy he had a brillian career. During the earlier stage of the Giolitti administration he was minister of public works and he was one of the peace delegates in the negotiations at Ouchy.

CUBAN ANARCHISTS IN PLOT

Plan to Stop the Sugar Harvest in the Island.

Havana, Dec. 27.—A number of anarchists met here last night and it is said, planned to stop the sugar harvest. The meeting was called ostensibly to plan for better schools in Cuba. The police are watching developments, but the government as yet has shown no disposition to take active measures against the anarchists, whose numbers are increasing rapidly.

BARK AND CREW OF 16 LOST

Hope Abandoned for the Sterna and Its Men.

Gulfport, Miss., Dec. 27.—All hope of the Norwegian bark Sterna and its crew of 16 men has been abandoned according to notice received here today by the Norwegian consul. The Sterna with a cargo of lumber cleared from Gulfport on August 28. Nothing has been heard from the bark since that date.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES make supporters; $12.00 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Dept. B 102, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 28, Kalamazoo, Mich.

MAKE a Comfortable Living at Home Sewing plain seams. All home work. No canvassing. Any ordinary machine. Steady. Sewers wanted in each town, small town especially. No triflers needed. State how much time can sew. Send ten cents for postage, samples, etc. Returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Jobbers Sewing, Dept. O, Rehoboth, Delaware.

HELP WANTED.

Government Positions Open to Men and Women. $60.00 month. Annual vacations; short hours; no 'layoffs.' PARCELS POST means thousands of postal appointments. 'Pull' unnecessary. Farmers eligible. Write immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. J-31, Rochester, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT for all. Send stamp for circular. Address "H," Box 105, Goshen, Ind.

SALESMAN WANTED

WANTED—Salesmen and Saleswomen; hundreds of good positions now open paying from $1,000.00 to $5,000.00 a year. No former experience required to get one of them. We will teach you to be a high grade traveling salesman or saleswoman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you are learning practical salesmanship. Write today for full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of men and women we have recently placed in good positions; also list of good positions open. Address (nearest office), Dept. 230-A, National Salesmen's Training Association, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco, New Orleans, Toronto.

MALE HELP WANTED.

$50.00 TO $100.00 A MONTH for your spare time—Experience not needed. Want active man each locality. Benefits for sickness, injury, death. Write quick. I-L-U 16, Covington, Ky.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

BEAUTIFUL improved Ohio farms in "Western Reserve." Write for free catalog. Williams' Farm Agency, Spokane, Ohio.

Mobile and Ohio Railroad Lands. For general farming, stock raising, corn, sugar cane, vegetables, fruit and nuts. Elevated country. Good water; $5.00 per acre and up. Terms one-fourth cash; liberal terms on balance. For illustrated folder and maps address George Kilborn, Secretary Alabama Land and Development Company, 409 North Royal St., Mobile, Ala.

VIRGINIA Farms and Timber Lands, improved and unimproved. $5 an acre and up. Rich land, heavy crops, healthy climate, happy farmers. Colonial homes. Catalogue free. B. T. Wilson & Co., 28 North Ninth St., Richmond, Va.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE—Investing For Profit Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely Free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere—get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the Real Earning Power of your money. This magazine six months Free if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 407-28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

$5.00 per hundred for "Live" names. Particulars for stamp. Noell Sales Co., Saginaw, Mich.

MAGIC GOODS, Cards, Dice, Books, etc. Catalog free. D. B. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

TRAINED FERRETS for Sale. Inquire of Chas. F. Misel, Marengo, Iowa.

RAIL MILEAGE HITS LOW MARK

Track Building in 1912 the Smallest in the Last Fifteen Years.

The statistics compiled from official sources and published in the Railway Age Gazette in its issue of December 28 show that one has to go back for 15 years, namely to 1897, to find a year in which as small a railroad mileage was built as in 1912, and one has to go back six years, namely, to 1906, to find a year in which as large a number of locomotives and as large a number of freight cars were ordered. The marked increase in activity along industrial lines during the last part of 1912 is shown by the fact that between two and three times as many freight cars were actually built in 1912 as in 1911, and a third more locomotives were actually built in 1912 than in 1911.

The official figures compiled by the Railway Age Gazette for the number of railroad receiverships, the number of railroad foreclosure sales and the amount of block signal mileage, all give indications of the same conditions that are illustrated by the extraordinarily small amount of new railroad mileage built and the very heavy orders for new equipment, namely, that capital is refusing to go into new railroad enterprises and that the prosperity of the last half of 1912 is taxing railroad facilities heavily.

Notwithstanding the fact that 1911 was considered a very unsatisfactory year for railroad building, there was 3,666 miles of new first track built in 1911, while in 1912 there was only 2,997 miles built. The 2,997 miles built in 1912 was built in 41 states, no new mileage at all being built in Alaska or five states. The largest mileage was built in North Dakota, in which state 347 miles of first track was built, with Texas second, in which 336 miles was built.

The totals for cars and locomotives ordered during the year, which are compiled by the Railway Age Gazette, show the heavy demands that were made on railroad facilities during the last part of 1912, both for the movement of extraordinarily heavy crops and for the general business resulting from greater industrial activity. The new equipment ordered in 1912 as compared with 1911 is as follows:

	1912.	1911.
Freight cars	226,195	133,117
Passenger cars	5,623	2,623
Locomotives	4,424	2,850

In no year since 1906 has there been such a large number of freight cars ordered; in 1906 the total was 310,315. In no year since 1906 have there been as many locomotives ordered; in 1906 the total was 5,642.

The records for new equipment actually built during the year does not make quite such a good showing. Compared with 1911 it is as follows:

	1912.	1911.
Freight cars	148,357	70,981
Passenger cars	2,822	4,246
Locomotives	4,403	3,530

Of the total freight cars built, 66,520 were reported of steel or steel underframe, and 63,330 were not specified.

Twelve railroads with a total mileage of 3,762 miles, went into the hands of receivers during 1912. These roads had a total funded debt of $106,964,854 and outstanding stock amounting to $74,493,643. The three important roads placed in the hands of receivers were the Pere Marquette, the Denver, Northwestern & Pacific (the Moffat road) and the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient, both of which later were independent companies that had attempted to raise capital through appealing to private investors.

No important roads were sold under foreclosure in 1912. There were 12 unimportant roads sold, with a total mileage of 661 and a total funded debt of $7,895,300, with $17,925,690 stock outstanding.

GERMAN PRINCE IS A FATHER

Son Born to August William of Germany.

Berlin, Dec. 27.—A son was born yesterday to Prince August William, the fourth son of the emperor, and Princess August William, who was Princess Alexandra Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Prince August William and the princess were married October 22, 1908, and this is the first child of the union.

FAMOUS VIOLIN MAN FAILS

Robert Beyer, of Berlin, Supposed to Be Millionaire, Is Bankrupt.

Berlin, Dec. 24.—Blaming unfortunate speculations in American copper stock as the original cause of his financial downfall, Robert Beyer, one of the most famous violin manufacturers of the world who was generally supposed to be a millionaire, has declared his insolvency.

His debts are more than $300,000, and his assets $60,000.

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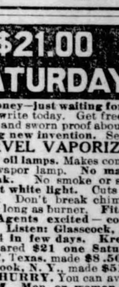

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OROZCO TAKES A CITY

Mexican Rebel Leads Army to Victory.

El Paso Tex., Dec. 24.—Casas Grandes, the most important town in the ranching and lumbering district southwest of Juarez, has been taken by rebels personally commanded by Gen. Pascual Orozco, jr., it was reported today from federal and rebel official sources.

A column of 800 men marching against the rebels at Ascension was defeated, it was announced. The federal commander, Gen. Jose Blanco, was taken prisoner.

Blanco's force was entrapped, the official rebel report says, in a canon north of Casas Grandes. Aside from capturing many rifles and much ammunition, the rebels secured two cannons. Details of the battles are lacking.

By taking Casas Grandes the Orozco revolutionists control the Mexico Northwestern railway, which runs between Juarez, on the border, and Chihuahua City, the state capital.